Christmas number

Dance and Dancers

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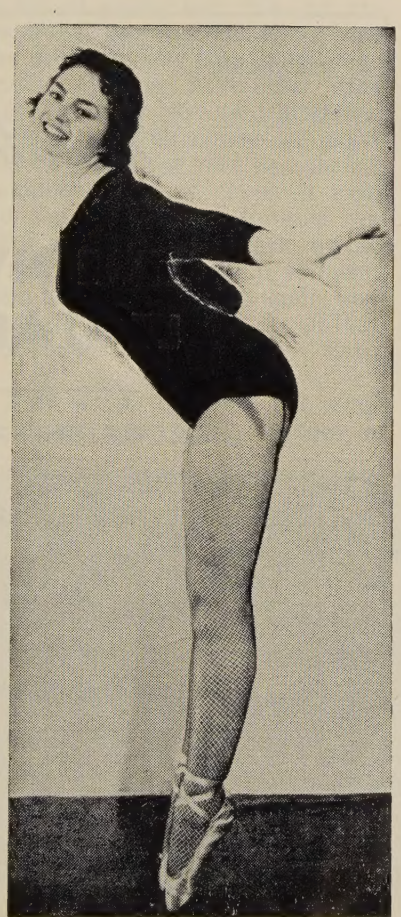

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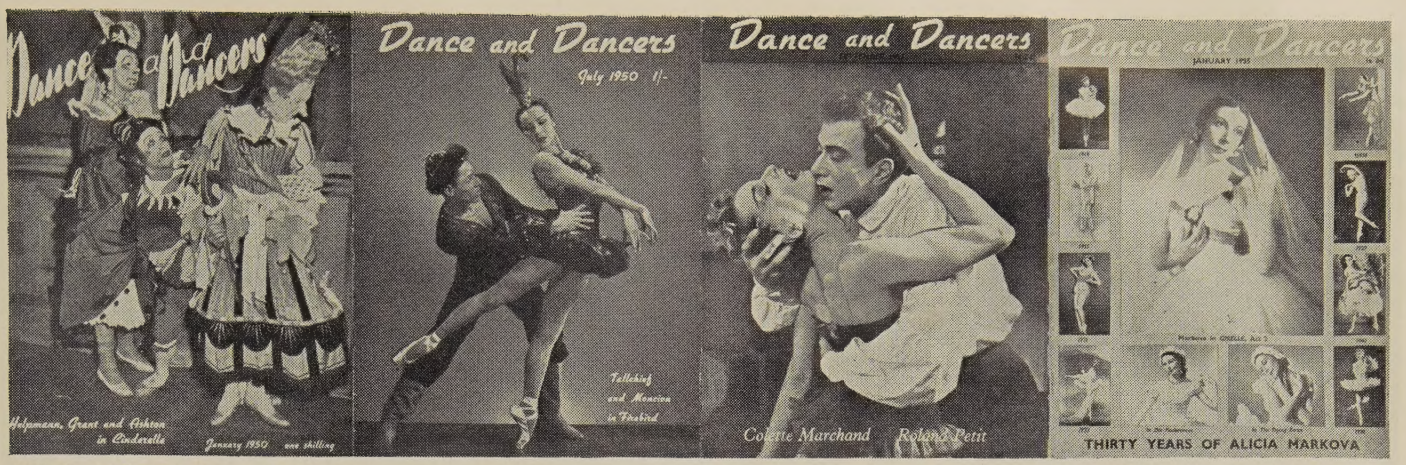

SOME COVERS OF A DECADE: Above and below are some of the covers of Dance and Dancers *starting with our first one for January 1950 and ending with last month's. In between are some of the highlights of ten years.*

DECEMBER 1959 10th YEAR OF PUBLICATION Vol. 10 No. 12

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS *Associate Editor:* CLIVE BARNES
Assistant Editor: E. C. MASON
WORLD'S LARGEST SALE IN THE FIELD

The First Decade

OF course ten years is just no time at all, but the end of a decade is generally considered to be some kind of a milestone, so this seems the right moment to acknowledge it, doff our hats and pass on quickly to the next one. It certainly does not seem ten years since Dame Ninette de Valois rushed up to me in Covent Garden and said, with a decidedly cryptic smile, "I hear you are going to edit a magazine which is to be full of gossip and that you are going to say the most dreadful things about us all". This does not seem to me to be quite the way that things have turned out, though, of course, you may have other ideas about the "dreadful things" we may have said in *Dance and Dancers* during its first decade. Of course we made ghastly mistakes that even now curl my toes up when I look back through old numbers; and of course it took about five years to find the format and formula we eventually arrived at. But many of you stuck by us through all these teething troubles, while those of you who did not stay the course seem to have come back again, and now we are read in every country in the world. So all that blood, sweat and — no, not one tear has been shed — have been worth it.

But it would not have been worth it if these ten years had not amounted to one of the most golden decades in the whole of ballet — as far as London is concerned. We have seen all the great companies of France and America, some of them many times. Every company of note from Spain has made an almost annual pilgrimage to us. We have been responsible for loosening the Royal Danish Ballet from the limpet-like grip which Copenhagen had on it. But possibly the most important event of all has been the way in which London has melted the Soviet iron ballet curtain until companies from that country have become a regular part of the ballet calendar. The apex of this decade was the appearance of the Bolshoi Ballet with Ulanova on the stage of Covent Garden, for the first time in a non-iron curtain country.

At home it has been a time of consolidation. Even if creatively, apart from some very notable exceptions, it has been no great shakes, the standard of performance has risen in leaps and bounds, quite literally, until the three major British companies are welcomed all over the world. The next ten years can be equally exhilarating if everyone continues to realise that nothing is ever good enough — that we have to learn from others and try to improve all the time. That goes for us too. So with these thoughts, both I and the staff of *Dance and Dancers* wish you a very happy Christmas and may the coming years see even greater results from all our endeavours.

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The Editor's decision is final and he cannot enter into any correspondence about the competition. Entries cannot be accepted from employees of the publishers, printers or binders of the book or their families. The results will be announced in the April issues of *Dance and Dancers, The Dancing Times* and *Ballet Today*.

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THE KING MUST DIE : Oedipus (Leslie Edwards), surrounded by his family, arrives to die. Around him are Polynices (David Blair), Creon (Michael Somes), Jocasta (Julia Farron) and Etiocles (Gary Burne). Photo : Houston Rogers.

Antigone

First given by the Royal Ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on October 19, 1959. Ballet in one act freely adapted by John Cranko from Sophocles' *Antigone*. Choreography by John Cranko. Music by Mikis Theodorakis. Designed by Rufino Tamayo. Lighting by William Bundy.

CAST

Oedipus, the dying King of Thebes ..... LESLIE EDWARDS
Jocasta, his wife, the Queen ..... JULIA FARRON
Polynices } ..... DAVID BLAIR
Etiocles } *their children* ..... GARY BURNE
Antigone } ..... SVETLANA BERIOSOVA
Creon, brother to the Queen ..... MICHAEL SOMES
Haemon, his son and the lover of Antigone ..... DONALD MACLEARY
Corps de ballet of *People of Thebes* and *Death Heralds*

STORY

"THE chorus announce woe for Antigone and strife between her brothers, who are deadly enemies.

"The old King Oedipus dies, leaving his crown to be shared by the two brothers, Etiocles and Polynices. Within minutes of his death they start to wrangle for possession of the crown. Creon, their uncle, sides with Etiocles. Etiocles, prompted by Creon, expels Polynices and subdues his followers. Polynices returns and incites his followers to revolt. The people of Thebes, divided into opposing factions, watch as the brothers threaten one another.

"The Queen Mother, Jocasta, pleads with her sons not to pursue their senseless quarrel, and accuses Creon of stirring up trouble.

"Her pleas have no effect. In a desperate effort to humiliate the brothers into reconciliation, she kills herself on both their swords. Antigone tries to reason with her brothers and Creon, but they remain obdurate. Seeing Creon and Etiocles allied, Antigone is forced to send her lover Haemon, the son of Creon, to the support of Polynices.

"The knot is now tied ; war must come, and as tension mounts, the women lament. Antigone bids farewell to Haemon.

"War ; the two armies perform a phyrric dance before battle.

"The women left behind wait calmly for the events which are to follow.

"The men return from battle, bearing the bodies of Haemon, Etiocles and Polynices. Creon crowns himself King.

"Creon orders that Etiocles and Haemon shall be buried with honour, but Polynices must be flung aside unburied. Antigone defies Creon and buries her brother.

"Antigone is seized and put to death. Through her action Creon loses the respect of his people. He is left alone with his crown, surrounded by the bodies of his nephews and son, and the sword which has killed Antigone."

CHOREOGRAPHY

READING through the many reports and criticisms of *Antigone* that have so far appeared, I was surprised to find that none of my colleagues had commented on the ballet's topicality. Indeed many of them went in the opposite direction to suggest that *Antigone* was "old-fashioned", and yet to me the theme seemed pointed and timely. Perhaps it would be exaggerating to say that for Cranko the road through Thebes leads to Aldermaston, yet from first to last I felt that this work could only be intended as an allegory on the futility of war and the machinations of politicians. What is more, I think that audiences who look at the ballet in those terms will get a great deal more out of it than those who see it merely as a translation from the Greek of Sophocles. It seems ironical that so many of the people who are constantly, and for that matter rightly, insisting that ballet should have a relevance to our own life and times should miss such a relevance when it is placed under their noses, and it is worth remembering Ulanova's words that "new ballet does not necessarily presuppose a contemporary setting and a modern theme" but rather "all that is consonant with our world outlook and our aspirations".

It is terribly unfortunate that in the programme Cranko, or someone acting on his behalf, baldly stated that : "This ballet is a free adaptation of Sophocles' tragedy of *Antigone*", for unquestionably it is no such thing. The ballet is, in fact, "freely based" on Racine's early play *Le Thebaide oú les Frères Ennemis,* which in turn was derived from Euripides. Rather than concentrate on the last few hours of the Theban legend, when Antigone is defying Creon for the burial of her brother, Cranko, unlike

WARRING SONS : Etiocles (Gary Burne) and Polynices (David Blair) fight for the crown of Oedipus to the distress of their mother Jocasta (Julia Farron).
Photo : David Sim.

Sophocles or Anouilh, has chosen to depict the complete Theban saga.

The danger in choosing the broader canvas is obvious. Sophocles' version of the story is by far the best-known, for the very good reason that it offers the most scope for tragedy. The spectacle of Antigone inevitably, angrily, splendidly and (certainly in Anouilh) pointlessly flying into the jaws of death is magnificent. Yet for all its tragic grandeur — and the mouse-trap mechanism is nearly as faultless as that which closed round Oedipus — would it make a ballet? Is there not too much talk, too much examination of motives for the ballet theatre? However, although I can see that Cranko was wise to take the complete Theban story — and not least because potentially it is far more meaningful to our day and age than the tragic consequences of Antigone's pride — it would be futile to pretend that Cranko has not also lost a great deal.

The narrative as it stands — starting with the death of Oedipus, and continuing with the suicide of Jocasta, the fratricidal war between Etiocles and Polynices that kills both of them and also Antigone's lover Haemon, and finally the execution of Antigone following her defiance of Creon — has no focal point. It is more like a history or a chronicle than a tragedy, and this would matter a lot less if it were anticipated more. It is worth remarking that neither Racine nor Euripides called their respective plays *Antigone,* and if the title of the ballet and the reference to Sophocles in the programme set many people's expectations off on the wrong scent, then Cranko has only himself to blame.

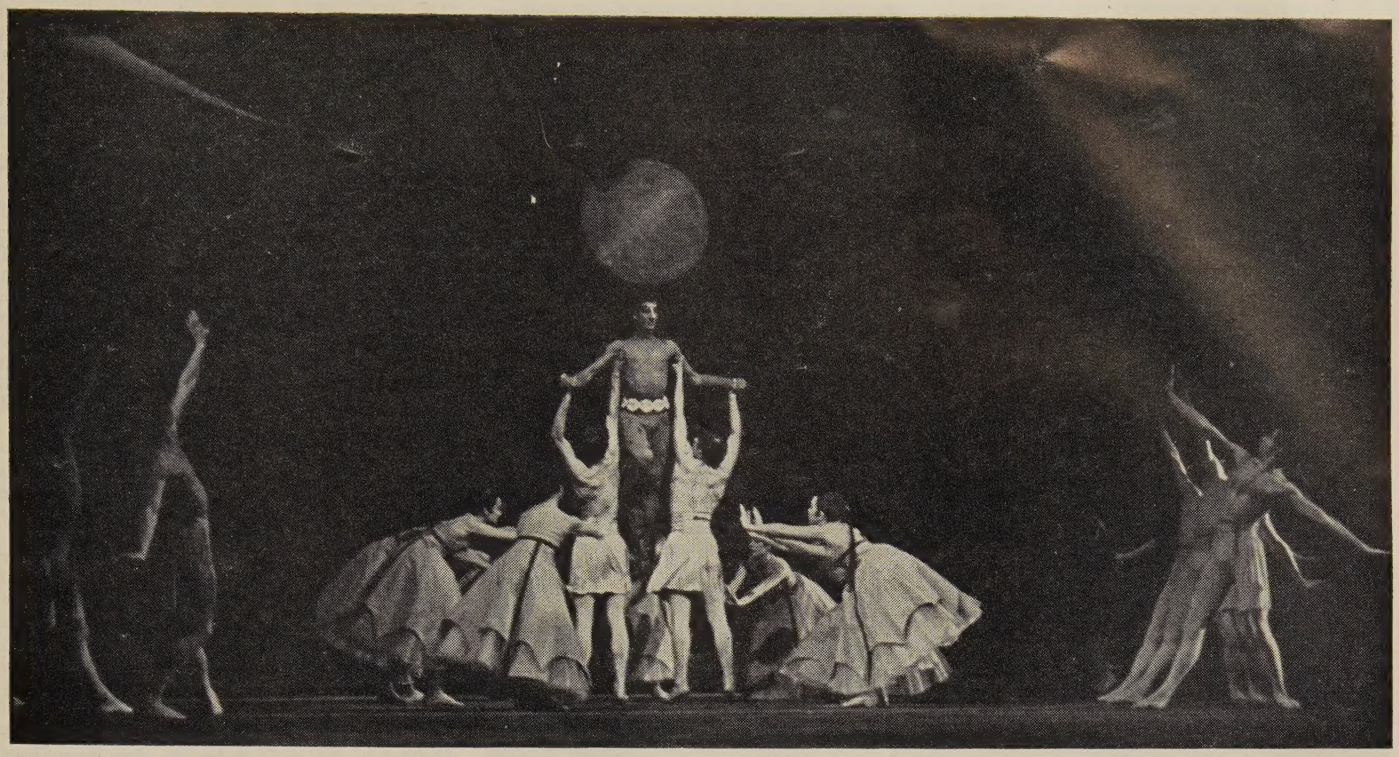
Antigone is not really the central figure of the ballet, nor is Creon, even though he occupies the more dominating position, and all the events of the ballet, apart from the old king's death which sets it off, stem from this king-making politician. But the real protagonist is the mob, the fighting men and the mourning women. From the rise of the curtain on the first wary moment when the young Antigone is joined by Haemon, and they dance in the youth and beauty of their springtime, until the curtain eventually falls on the power-crazed Creon, rejected by his people and retaining just the trappings of monarchy, the whole ballet has been depicting the ghastly waste of war — a tragic landscape with shouting figures.

It seems to me that where Cranko has been misguided in following his sources is in keeping to Racine's *bienséances,* those proprieties that forbade acts of violence to be shown upon the stage. Indeed it may be that Cranko himself is aware of this, for he has Jocasta commit suicide in front of the footlights, and turns it to good dramatic effect. But for the rest everyone, except the ineffectual Oedipus, goes off stage to breathe their last with the utmost gentility. Yet Greek tragedy is nothing if not a whirlwind of blood, and the Greeks knew well enough that if their kings and princes gave up mortality in decent privacy, the blood would still not be congealed before a messenger would run in and deliver their fate to the audience in a detail more gory in its evocation than anything that could be conjured up on stage with the assistance of tomato ketchup. In mute and glorious ballet, messengers are not a practicable proposition, and I think that the work missed a good deal of its impact by having nearly everyone slide off to die.

Admittedly though, Cranko deals with this situation with a good deal of resource and ingenuity, and the corpses of the three heroes being dumped ceremoniously on to the stage makes a powerfully effective moment, while there is even something to be said for the symbolism marking Antigone's death when the executioner's sword is thrown on stage. But all this is still rather pallid stuff compared with the horror and terror we old, vicarious blood-hunters demand for the catharsis of tragedy. This drama is pre-purged, and the poorer for it.

However, while we have been cheated

THE DEATH OF JOCASTA : Jocasta (Farron) kills herself because she cannot reconcile her sons. She is watched by Creon (Michael Somes) and Antigone (Beriosova).
Photo : David Sim.



WAR: Etiocles (Gary Burne) is held aloft while he incites his followers to revolt. Having expelled his brother and subdued his followers, the people of Thebes are divided into opposing factions. *Photo: Houston Rogers.*

both of our heroine and our blood-bath, this must not blind us to the ballet's very great merits. Having elected to give us a chronicle (I would personally even use the word "parable" here), Cranko presents it to us with masterly dispatch. Helped — to an extent — by a most efficient score, yet hindered at almost every turn by wildly unsuitable costumes and décor, Cranko keeps his ballet moving at a fine pace. Perhaps we should here make another reservation, that the pace is *too consistent,* that the few *adagio* passages are not enough to prevent some sense of hectic condensation. However, although Cranko undoubtedly skated over events with almost swashbuckling speed, at the end I felt that I had had my money's worth, that the story had been pretty neatly told, and that Cranko's imagery had come home to roost. (Perhaps interestingly I found it a ballet leaving remarkably little mental impression until the end, when on looking back all its events and incidents shuffled out to form a pattern which gave me in retrospect a satisfaction quite distinct, and a good deal deeper, than the physical pleasure I derived from watching some of the very cleverly organised movement.)

Cranko is the only choreographer I know who has been much influenced by Massine, although, I suspect, that he himself might deny this influence vigorously. He came to this country in May, 1946, just in time for Massine's Indian Summer in England. He saw the tattered remnants of De Basil's Massine repertory at Covent Garden in 1947, and he even danced in a few Massine ballets himself. His first big public success, *Pineapple Poll,* was full of Massine influence, and when he came to create for the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden, *Bonne-Bouche* and *The Shadow* both revealed something of the same approach to choreography. Curiously enough, right from the beginning Cranko has also seemed to react away from Massine, yet it really does now seem as though most of his best work (both in the *demi-caractère* and "symphonic" styles) has been done under the Russian's influence, although influence is perhaps a churlish word to use for something which has become so completely absorbed. In any event *Antigone* has Cranko's best choreography for years — in part his best choreography ever — and it also marks his return to something of the Massine manner which I believe to be Cranko's own personal style.

Possibly the most interesting feature of the choreography is its use of what any day now someone, and I suppose it might as well be me, is going to call "neo-expressionism", and in Cranko's case it could well derive from Massine. This, incidentally, looks as though it might be the dominant dance idiom of the next twenty years or so. For some time it has been evident that the young choreographers in Britain and America have slowly been moving out of the neo-classical orbit of Ashton and Balanchine. This at first revealed itself in a marked reluctance on the part of the younger generation to make use of the more flowery, or if you like artificial, movements of the classic dance — MacMillan, for example, virtually abandoned steps like the *double tours en l'air* or the *fouetté,* while in the post-war period whole ballets (Herbert Ross's *Caprichos* and Robbins's *Age of Anxiety)* have been created in a naturalistic vein, where the aim has been towards a freer form of dancing loaded with naturally observed emotional imagery, in which the purely decorative dance element has been reduced to a minimum. The most recent examples of this new "wave" have, of course, been provided by Robbins's Ballets: U.S.A. This back-to-Noverre, back-to-Fokine-and-Massine movement has received considerable stimulus from the American modern dance and its cross-fertilisation with the classic ballet. Indeed the differences between such choreographers as Graham and Limón on the one hand, and the post-war British and American ballet choreographers on the other, is becoming less and less noticeable.

Looking back it is easy to see that Cranko, like Robbins, has always been in the forefront of this movement towards expressionism. His first fully professional ballet ten years ago, *Sea Change,* was full of expressionist *angst* and suffering. In his choreography for Michael Tippett's remarkable Ritual Dances in the opera *The Midsummer Marriage,* Cranko clearly signposted the way he was travelling, although the excessive chi-chi and overt cleverness of these dances obscured the issue at the time. The same could be said of *Dances without Steps* which he composed some years ago for the London Ballet Circle. Passages of expressionism found their way into *Variations on a Theme,* but at the same time he was also making considerable use of straightforward neo-classical choreography. Now, like Robbins, perhaps even heartened by the success of Robbins, he has in *Antigone* made the plunge into neo-expressionism, and for the first time devised a major work completely in that idiom.

Before discussing what this means, the question should be asked: how new is it? Well, in art nothing is ever really new, and what Robbins and Cranko are doing (together possibly with MacMillan, Ross, Morrice, Darrell, Dixon and a whole Uncle Tom Cobbley of young American choreographers) is to go forwards by going backwards with a difference. Ashton, Balanchine and Tudor — the old "new wave" — have all flirted with expressionism *(Illuminations, Four Temperaments, Dark Elegies),* just as the generation before *them* of Fokine, Massine and Nijinska, flirted with classicism. Now, while I think the wheel is once again turning, the *new* choreography obviously arises from the old neo-classicists — the debt that all the young choreographers I have named owe to either Ashton, Balanchine or Tudor is too obvious to require underlining. Yet it is, in my view, equally obvious that a new Anglo-American "school" is emerging, even though it is perhaps too early to define its aims, limits, composition and limitations.

Revolutions come very slowly in this

ANTIGONE AND HER LOVER : Beriosova, as Antigone, and Donald MacLeary, as Haemon, in the second of the two pas de deux *they dance together.*
Photo : Houston Rogers.

country, they sidle up on us unobserved. Has it struck you, for instance, that the point-shoe may be going out of fashion? *Antigone* is danced off-point, and yet audiences took this so much in their stride that not one critic thought it interesting enough to mention. Now this is not *so* unusual, De Valois's expressionist *Job* and Ashton's strangely classical Central European essay, *Dante Sonata,* spring to mind, and Robert Helpmann has also produced pointless ballets, yet I still regard it as an interesting sign of the times.

Of course you can't make a bad ballet into a good one just by taking the dancers off their tip-toes, and what is perhaps more significant in *Antigone* is perhaps Cranko's decreasing use of classical *épaulement* and decreasing emphasis on classical turn-out. There are some passages in the ballet — the first *pas de deux* for Antigone and Haemon can be instanced, for this is extremely reminiscent of *The Shadow* — where the feeling is completely classical in mood, but for the most part Cranko has employed a much rougher, more angular style of movement.

The massings and groupings are especially interesting, with Cranko deploying his *corps de ballet* with a bold freedom, as they wheel across the stage like birds in flight. Quite often I felt that, with his circles, pyramids and lines, he makes too much use of symmetry in his choreographic design, which while perhaps intended to hint at a Greek formalism, seemed to me to be overnaïve, and suggestive more of repose than struggle. In fairness, Cranko does try to break up this "awful symmetry" by the use of oblique angles, yet this is not altogether successful. His choreography is at its best in the scenes of war and mourning — and some of this is strikingly effective and original.

The two warring armies, swarming backwards and forwards in stylised conflict, are splendid, making a really impressive stage spectacle. With expressionless ferocity and stamping jumps, bouncing along like angry marionettes, the warriors are made fierce and yet pompous, horrible and yet ridiculous. In all these war dances Cranko perceptively reveals the comic terror inherent in all regimentation.

What I found interesting in both these dances, the moving lament for the women and the final grief-stricken *pas de deux* for the lovers, was that Cranko adopted much the same air of compassionate detachment that is to be found in Robbins's recent work. He seems to have been searching for an objective style of choreography — and don't ask what I mean by that, because I am describing what I feel — which while removing the more obviously specific attitudes towards his situations (the warriors are not depicted unsympathetically in the way of a Jooss, any more than the women are treated in an upsurge of sentiment) still manages to imply his own feelings. It is the difference between a novelist who says : "War is terrible !" and one who says : "This is war ; isn't it terrible ?"

Cranko will probably never be numbered among the most musical of choreographers ; not for him the sweeping *cantabile* line of an Ashton, or the daring counterpoint of a Balanchine. Yet musicality is only one of the elements of choreography, and here Cranko has found a score which suits his style remarkably well, and he dissects out the rhythmic complexities of the Pyrrhic dance, for example, with notable and unusual assurance.

As so often in Cranko's ballets, characterisation has been left rather too much to the individual dancers. The clearest example is Creon, where the character has to be built up by acting with the minimum of assistance from the choreographic notation. Nor are all the narrative links particularly well developed. The death of Oedipus is a poor thing, and the struggle for the crown a little laboured in its literal symbolism. Creon's matador flourish with the cloak at the end seems a mistake, nor was I completely happy with Antigone fingering the sharp point of her killer's sword — "I'm only a young thing and it's terrible to die, but what must be must be". The message gets over, but it's a little heavy-handed and not perhaps altogether appropriate in its pathos.

The ballet has faults — not the least is the slight tendency Cranko shows to dismiss classical clichés only to get agonised clichés of expressionist movement in exchange — yet with all its faults I feel sure that it is an important work. It is bigger in thought and feeling than anything Cranko has previously attempted, and what is just as heartwarming is that it has a general theatrical appeal which all Cranko's best ballets, *Pineapple Poll* apart, have previously lacked.

DANCING

THIS ballet, or so we were once told, was meant as a wedding present for Svetlana Beriosova. One might have expected, indeed possibly Cranko originally intended, the ballet to be a 22-carat, starring vehicle. This it is not. How much blame Beriosova should take for the failure of Antigone to become a moving figure of tragic proportions I am not quite sure. Yet I suspect that the bricks were just not there, for, of course, out-and-out tragedy was outside the nature of the ballet. Cranko has seen his Antigone more as a pathetic image of suffering, and Beriosova is carried along with his conception.

Within the ballet's framework she gives a telling performance. Her dancing has an innocent grace and purity, and she is a selfless heroine pushed on not by the force of destiny, not by pride but by nothing more than a sense of duty. She is, at another level, little more than the blameless truth which war destroys, a sort of generalised abstraction.

Yet this is far from being a thankless rôle, as it shows the spacious openness of her very individual quality of movement to the most beautiful effect. With her sculptured line — for this rôle Cranko has leant heavily towards classicism, and indeed would have been a fool to have done otherwise — and effortlessly proportioned *arabesques,* her dancing showed its new, spare elegance, in which it seems everything but the

essential dance shape has been fined away and discarded.

Somes's Creon is going to be a better portrayal next year, and better still the year after. A fine finisher but a slow starter, Somes always seems to go along to a first performance with the disconcerted diffidence of an artist revealing a work in progress. As yet he still has to find a way of making himself the fulcrum the ballet's structure demands of him. But even now — especially after the first few performances — he manages to convey a good deal of subtlety as the sinister power-politician. His customary nobility of manner and gesture is given just that twist to provide the vital undertone of menace and treachery.

Creon is the only character who develops, or perhaps better, who reveals himself, during the course of the ballet, and Somes still needs to express the unfolding of the character with a shade more emphasis. However, his climax, as he reels back in deathly triumph clutching the blood-stained crown, is, as it should be, the fulfilment of the ballet, through which it reaches a sort of epic poetry that previously had been barely hinted at.

David Blair and Gary Burne were most excellently matched and contrasted as the two belligerent brothers. Blair's Polynices is the more heroic — his steel sinews pound him through the ballet with his very muscles shouting for justice. Burne's Etiocles is just such another blank-faced killer, but his dancing has a more hysterical note. Both have extremely difficult choreography allotted to them, with eccentric jumps and turns piled on one after another in a blaze of virtuosity, and both were excellent.

Haemon, Antigone's luckless lover, seems a little pale beside these feuding princelings, yet Donald MacLeary does extremely well in making him into a character, poetic, withdrawn, and full of premonition. His partnering of Beriosova, particularly in the demanding final *pas de deux*, proved fluent and exciting. He handled the plastic lifts with immense assurance, and throughout showed that sympathy which is becoming so marked in this partnership.

Julia Farron as Jocasta had the difficult task of displaying a passionate outburst where the general tenor of the ballet is one of very much bridled emotion. Her handsome face ravaged with fear and her body contorted with agony, both in her horrified suspense and final outburst when like a crazed puppet she jerks towards her ultimate argument of suicide, this matriarchal Jocasta is a figure both Greek and tragic. It says much for her that in the particular circumstance of the ballet, which was neither particularly Greek nor, in that sense, particularly tragic, she did not seem out of place. Leslie Edwards, the blind Oedipus, on the other hand, never really had an opportunity to be *in* place. This was a poor rôle, but he made the best of it and died with dignity.

The ballet was splendidly danced by all its principals, but perhaps the final triumph belongs to the large *corps de ballet*. Cranko has demanded complete suppression of the individual, and the ability to dance with the seemingly radar-controlled unity of those Americans. Here and there small groups emerged — Shirley Grahame, Merle Park, Antoinette Sibley and Doreen Wells were wonderfully sensitive as Antigone's attendants — but for the most part the dancers were just an anonymous instrument of the choreographer. They served him well.

Clive Barnes.

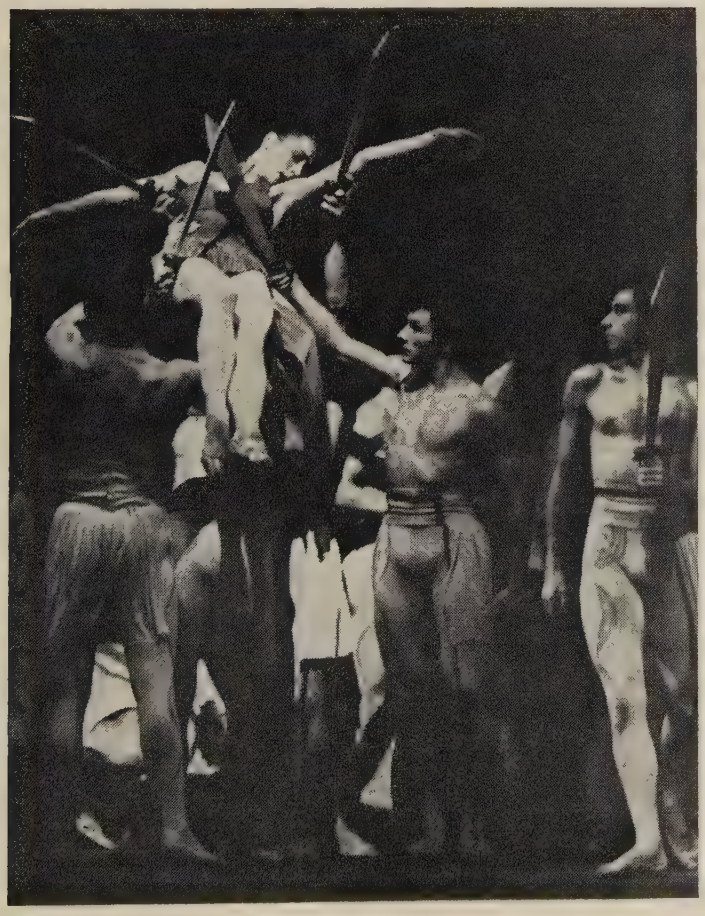
MUSIC

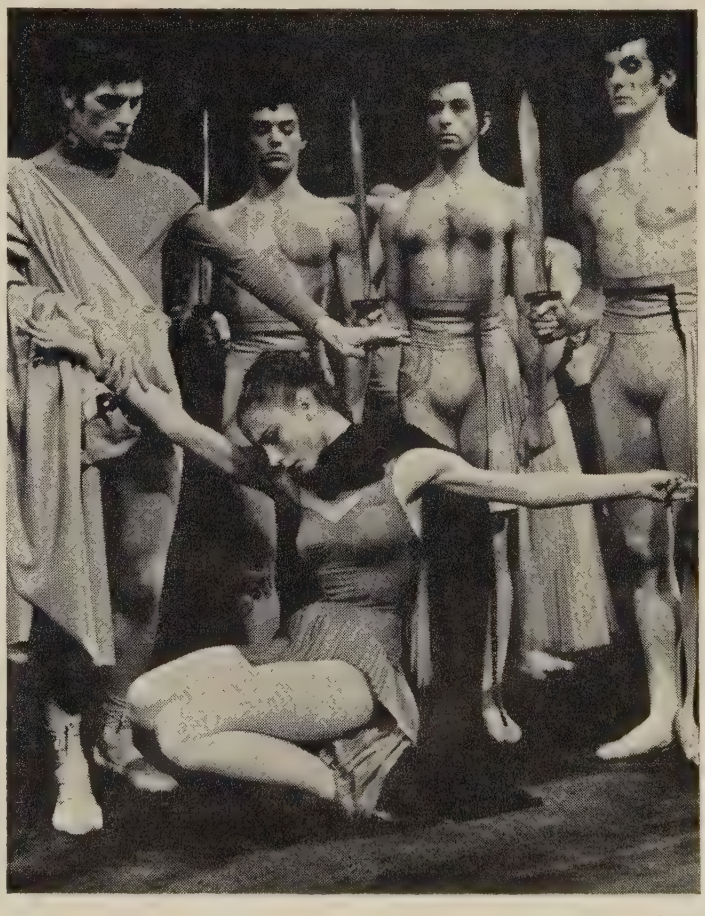
SINCE Cranko derived his balletic theme from a free adaptation of Sophocles, mixed with a dash of Racine and Anouilh, the choice of a Greek composer with a Parisian foreground would seem to have the ingredients for an apt musical match. In the event the music by Mikis Theodorakis proved serviceable enough for its purpose, although eclectic in style, somewhat baggy and shapeless in form, and much in need of orchestral pruning.

Theodorakis, now aged 34, left his native Greece to settle in Paris some five years ago. He has composed four or five ballet scores before *Antigone*, the only two previously heard in London being *Les Amants de Teruel* — the Ludmilla Tcherina "total theatre" ballet with its stereophonic trains and taped speech — and *Gunpowder Flash*, both given by the Tcherina company earlier this year. The composer, I understand, has also written a good deal of film music, including scores for the British films *Ill Met by Moonlight* and Michael Powell's *Honeymoon*, neither of which I have seen.

On the basis of *Antigone* and what I can recall of the Tcherina epics, Theodorakis seems to be a fair example of the difficult problem facing Greek artists of all kinds at the present time. Their cultural heritage ceased to be self-sufficient long ago; by inclination their contemporary art and ideas have more in common with Western lands than with the barrier of Slav people and nearby Middle-East countries which isolates

ANTIGONE THREATENED: Antigone, defying Creon because she wants to bury her brother, is seized and eventually put to death. Right, Antigone (Beriosova) is seen kneeling at the feet of Creon (Somes). *Photos: David Sim.*





CREON CLAIMS THE CROWN : Having brought about the death of Antigone, Creon (Somes) loses the respect of his people. As the curtain falls, he is left alone, but with the crown and with kingly power. *Photo : Houston Rogers.*

Greece in a tiny pocket of Europe. Hence the migration of artists determined to break out, and the attempt to fertilise transplanted roots with more cosmopolitan influences.

Theodorakis apparently brought with him a strong shoot of Greek folk music which he cultivates to expressive effect in *Antigone*. He uses it in suggesting the untroubled contentment of the heroine and Haemon in their first *pas de deux*, and later to convey the resigned grief of the women in a hauntingly simple *cor anglais* and 'cello theme for the *ensemble* where they await the outcome of fratricidal strife. Yet these episodes seem spatchcocked irrelevantly into a score that derives its harmony from early Stravinsky, its counterpoint from Hindemith, its pounding *ostinati* and writhing brass from Honegger and its trowel-thick orchestration from goodness knows where.

What I miss in this music, and where I feel that Theodorakis has failed most seriously, is in the absence of a purposeful musical shape and design to the work. It is not as if he were dealing with a series of loosely-connected *divertissements* (although that is the episodic impression left by much of the score), but an integrated drama of character and situation. The events on stage move remorselessly from one climax to the next, and towards an inevitable end. How rarely in ballet does the composer have a chance to shape a matching conception in music that *develops* and not merely travels from one point to the next? Theodorakis had that opportunity ; the effect of the ballet as a whole would have been greatly strengthened if he had taken it.

As it is, I found the dramatic evolution, so well contrived by Cranko, at most points thwarted by the music instead of carried forward on it. There remain certain positive virtues, especially the rhythmic vigour that ought to *vibrate* a sense of metre into the least musical of dancers. The folk-idiom episodes evoke a touching feeling, and I admired also the way the sinuous theme of the introduction acquires a new significance in the scenes with Jocasta, the insidious Creon and the wrangling over the crown. Effective use is made of ominous-sounding percussion, and of the irregularly accented rhythms in the war dances. These features provide a number of striking moments — enough perhaps to sustain the ballet if not to enhance it with that cogent musical unity its theme suggests. The orchestra under Hugo Rignold had evidently prepared the music well, and played at the first two performances I saw with skill and conviction.

Noël Goodwin.

DECOR

MOST people who are interested in ballet design I suppose make mental lists of painters they would like to see working in the theatre. I know that I do ; in fact I never go to a gallery or exhibition without considering the possibilities for the theatre of anything I see. Ever since that wonderful Mexican exhibition at the Tate Gallery some years ago, I have wondered if anybody would use Rufino Tamayo. His works, and a glowing water melon in particular, are something that I shall never forget ; what is more he seemed to have a theatrical quality that should make him ideal as a ballet designer. When I heard that Cranko was using him for *Antigone* my heart pumped out an extra beat of excitement.

But there is a chasm, almost as wide as the Grand Canyon, between the approach to easel painting and the approach to designing for the theatre. It is a chasm which has to be bridged by a sensitive and tactful artistic director and choreographer. In this century the only successful bridge-builders have been Serge Diaghilev, Boris Kochno and later Roland Petit, who may have been more lucky with his choice of painters than anything to do with his direction of them.

The trouble with painters is that they see their compositions as a static whole and not as environment for something else—namely movement. After all, their lives have been devoted to starring on their own canvases so it could hardly be expected that in a trice they would know just how to take their rightful place in the blesséd trinity. It is here that artistic direction comes in and a great deal of addition, subtraction and division has to go on. It also means a continual tug-of-war between the painter sticking up for what he thinks are his rights and the artistic director, who is supposed to know what are the requirements of the theatre. The battle can only be won to everyone's satisfaction if the painter has complete and utter faith in the innate taste and integrity of the other party. It was because everyone had such faith in Diaghilev that painters such as Picasso and Matisse allowed him to reject so many of the designs they submitted until finally the right solution was arrived at. We have heard that for *Pulcinella* alone there were enough Picasso rejects to furnish a small exhibition and that one of these rejects was eventually used as the setting for the *Cuadro Flamenco*. Bitter and unpleasant as all this may be at the time there is really no way around it.

I have not yet seen Tamayo's actual designs for *Antigone*, but I would imagine that his painting for the setting was impressive. Regarded purely as a painting it is certainly impressive as the curtains open, and it remains that way until the drama unfolds and the characters in it start to move and have their being. Then something happens, or rather something doesn't happen, because the characters never appear to have any being at all. Why? Mainly because the place, the environment, is implausible and unrelated to violent drama in high places. Where is it? Hardly a Theban palace, much more like a back-yard. The elimination, apart from a puny rostrum across the back just two steps high, of different levels, also eliminates any sense of high drama that any setting can inevitably contribute. Apart from anything else there are a number of eye-catching distractions which lead the attention away from the action.

The main distraction is caused by two objects in the sky — one looking like a butterfly net and the other which appears to be a flying blanket. I am told that they are supposed to be a comet and the moon, which were, apparently, present in all Greek tragedies. This is news to me, but I am prepared to bow out in the face of my sublime ignorance. Nevertheless, alfresco natural phenomenae are one thing ; permanent and sturdily anchored objects in an enclosed theatre are something else again. Throughout the entire work I found my eye wandering up to these immobiles which changed colour from time to time according to the situation in the drama. So between these and another object, which may have been a fallen comet but which bisected the back of the stage, it became trebly hard to concentrate on the piling up tragedies in the Royal Theban house.

Let it not be thought that I don't like strange shapes in the theatre ; far from that, I welcome them. But they should be used sparingly so as to cause a momentary

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Two Creations by Tatiana Gsovsky

by RAINER ANTOINE

Undine

First given in Berlin by the Ballet of the Städtische Oper Berlin, on September 22, 1959. Scenario freely adapted by Frederick Ashton from the story by Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué. Choreography by Tatiana Gsovsky. Music by Hans Werner Henze. Scenery and costumes by Werner Schachteli.

Cast

Undine ..... JUDITH DORNYS
Palemon ..... WOLFGANG LEISTNER
Berta ..... SUSE PREISSER
Tirrenio ..... MANFRED TAUBERT
Grand Pas Classique (in Act 3) ..... SUSE PREISSER, WOLGANG LEISTNER and *Corps de Ballet*
Divertissement (in Act 3) ... KONSTANZE VERNON, TANA HERZBERG, MARION CITO, KLAUS BEELITZ, JURGEN FEINDT, RUDOLF HOLZ and *Corps de Ballet*
Corps de Ballet *of Ondines, Hunters, Wedding Guests, etc.*

IT seems to have become a habit for the Berlin Festival to present each season a new creation of the young German composer Hans Werner Henze. In 1956 a successful start was made by the first performance of his opera *König Hirsch* (King Stag), in 1957 Berlin saw the Henze ballet *Maratona,* last year the programme offered the new version of *König Hirsch,* and this year the Berlin Festival audience saw the Tatiana Gsovsky production of his *Undine.* Still, what the Berlin audience saw on October 22 was not a full-length ballet as it is in London, and *Undine* was shown together with a new ballet by Tatiana Gsovsky.

The production at the Berlin Opera House lasts one hour and fifteen minutes, which is half an hour shorter than the Covent Garden production. The first act is shortened by thirteen minutes, the second by two, and the third by thirteen minutes. I was under the impression that Tatiana Gsovsky was rather happy to have a reason for shortening : the stage of the Berlin Opera House is not as large as that of Covent Garden. But this is not the only difference between the London and the Berlin production, for Tatiana Gsovsky changed Frederick Ashton's libretto, which of course was a necessary result of cutting the ballet by half an hour.

The part of the Hermit and consequently the wedding scene between Palemon and Undine have been omitted. The liaison is here just indicated by Palemon's amulet which is given by him to Undine as a present. After this scene Tirrenio takes Undine away and Berta happens to meet Palemon, who thinks that all was just a dream.

PALEMON AND UNDINE : Wolfgang Leistner and Judith Dornys in a pas de deux *from Act 2 of* Undine. *It is the moment just before she kisses him. Photo : Enkelmann.*

FIRST APPEARANCE : Judith Dornys, as Undine, arising from a fountain in the first act of Undine. *Photo : Heinz Köster.*

In Act Two it is Berta who takes Palemon on a short trip in a boat. During the voyage Undine appears, but only Palemon is able to see her. Realising her supernatural power he becomes frightened and Berta succeeds in making Palemon swear his faithfulness to her. When Undine sees this she gives the amulet to Berta, but Tirrenio's sprites take it away from her. Berta cries at her loss and Undine is touched by her tears. By magic she produces a precious necklace for her. Berta is delighted but Palemon is frightened again and throws it back into the sea. Undine vanishes into the waves. In anger Tirrenio creates a storm, and the ship is wrecked. Undine, however, saves the lives of Berta and Palemon.

Act Three opens with Berta and Palemon's wedding. A stranger appears to ask for permission to entertain the wedding guests by some dances. It is Tirrenio with his water sprites seeking vengeance. After the performance the stranger asks Berta for a dance. At the end of which he hands her over, wrapped in a veil, to Palemon. When Palemon takes her into his arms he discovers that it is not Berta but Undine. Then the stranger and his dancers take off their masks, and the frightened wedding guests run away. Tirrenio now compels his daughter to kiss Palemon, which means death to him.

SECOND ACT DESIGN : The design by Werner Schachteli for the ship at sea. Photo : Heinz Köster.

Eventually she embraces him and he falls dead.

Those are the external differences and I must confess that I am not convinced of the necessity to change the plot in this extensive way. The production is now little more than a free adaptation of Frederick Ashton's already free adaptation of the original story by Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué.

The difference between Gsovsky's choreography and Ashton's consists mainly in the conception of the rôle of Berta. In London the part was danced by a character dancer, while in Berlin, Berta is made a ballerina and danced by a ballerina. This is probably the reason that Tatiana Gsovsky makes her dance in the *Grand Pas Classique* in Act Three. With the new production, pantomime is of very little importance, and every detail is expressed by dancing. For example, the tempest in Act Two is not only indicated by stage magic, but the *corps de ballet* of Undines really dance the storm. Apart from this, Gsovsky has had some charming new ideas. Berta's disappearance in Act Three seems to me a very good solution. Here she seems to be in love with romanticism, and instead of having her dragged out, Tirrenio's supernatural gift makes her vanish, while Palemon finding Undine instead of Berta in his arms produces a magnificent effect.

The first appearance of Undine sticks closely to the German tradition for such appearances — she simply comes out of a fountain with a pastel-coloured veil of chiffon hovering above her ; that together with sensitive lighting produced the real fairy tale illusion. That all this has the touch of magic is due to Werner Schachteli, who not only created magnificent costumes and fantastic settings but a production which is full of stage effects, imaginative lighting and excellent colour ; all of which help to create the very romantic atmosphere. The effect will probably be even greater when the ballet is shown on the modern stage of the new Berlin Opera House which Carl Ebert hopes to open next season.

Owing to the shortened version, Undine needs only to wear one costume, which is made of blue-green embroidered chiffon. Werner Schachteli is especially successful in his designs for the costumes in the *divertissement*.

Judith Dornys was Berlin's Undine. The 19-year-old ballerina, standing only five feet high, succeeds especially in the first act. When she makes her first appearance out of the fountain she superbly portrays the curiosity of this strange water-nymph. Her tender movements, her fragile body, make it easy for us to believe that she is a being from another planet, and we enter with her the magic world of Undines and water-sprites. Later, when she has to express her deep grief over the unfaithfulness of Palemon, her performance does not convince. Her acting ability is rather limited and for this part especially a large scale of expression is required. Wolfgang Leistner shows understanding for the rôle of the Prince, who is here the only human to see the world of Undines. This state of clairvoyance he is able to express, but his actual dancing does not always satisfy.

Suse Preisser dances the part of Berta with technical brilliance. It is her talent which makes the *Grand Pas Classique* an event, and the whole *divertissement* found great approval with the public. Here the soloists, Tana Herzberg and Konstanze Vernon, as well as Jürgen Feindt as Harlequin, delighted the audience.

Schwarze Sonne (Black Sun)

First given by the Ballet of the Städtische Oper Berlin at the Städtische Oper, Berlin, on September 22, 1959. A new ballet by Tatiana Gsovsky. Choreography by Tatiana Gsovsky. Music by Heinz Friedrich Hartig. Scenery and Costumes by Werner Schachteli.

Cast

Orestes ..... GERD REINHOLM
Elektra ..... GISELA DEEGE
Clytaemnestra ..... TANA HERZBERG
Aegisthus ..... JURGEN FEINDT
Fury ..... INGEBORG HOEHNISCH
Furies ... ROSEMARIE LAU, GUDRUN LEBEN, BRIGITTE WERNER, ERIC CANSO, PETER KAWARTH, GERHARD MENZ.

THE title of the ballet is drawn from the Orestes novel of the Russian poet Gumilew, who says about the day of Orestes' return . . . "on this day the sun will change into black, and winds will have black wings".

Scene 1. Clytaemnestra's Dream

NIGHT by night the Queen of Mykene, Clytaemnestra, is heard lamenting. She

WEDDING DANCE : Palemon (Wolfgang Leistner) dances with his bride Berta (Suse Preisser). This has now become a Grand Pas Classique. *Photo : Enkelmann.*

is frightened by dreams about a murder perpetrated by her and her lover Aegisthus on her royal husband Agamemmnon. Every night she dreams that Orestes will come back to revenge his father's death.

Scene 2. Oreste's Return

THE new King, Aegisthus, is also afraid. The gates of the Mykene castle are walled up. In a holy ceremony the sacrifice offered by Aegisthus and Clytaemnestra is rejected by the gods. Elektra mocks at them and talks about the early return of her brother Orestes and his vengeance. Clytaemnestra wants to stop her and orders that she be stoned. One of the stones flung at her hits and breaks the gate of Mykene. Orestes is seen standing behind it. He passes himself off as a messenger sent to testify the death of Orestes. He is deeply moved by the desperate lament of Elektra and reveals his identity to her. He wants to take her away, but Elektra reminds him that first he has to revenge the murder of his father. Orestes finally kills his mother, Clytaemnestra.

Scene 3. Furies

ORESTES is unable to leave Mykene because the furies hold him back. They drive him mad for he is guilty of the most cruel of all crimes — matricide ! As Orestes finally submits himself to the judgment of the Gods the furies leave.

SCHWARZE SONNE was commissioned by the Berlin Festival committee. The composer, Heinz Friedrich Hartig, worked closely together with Tatiana Gsovsky. The result is a half-hour work of intense power which differs widely from Henze's romantic ballet that followed immediately the performance of *Schwarze Sonne*. This makes the evening as a whole a great deal more interesting for the choreographer and designer, although much more difficult for the orchestra.

ACTUALITY : The realisation of the design on the opposite page with Undine (Judith Dornys) dancing a variation. *Photo : Enkelmann.*

Hartig's music could not be more different from Henze's. He makes great use of percussion, and indeed rhythm is perhaps the most important element of the score. Its dynamic power is fascinating, and as the whole action takes place in less than thirty minutes everything is concentrated and compressed.

This ballet requires a different kind of dancing and that is where the Berlin ballet company of Tatiana Gsovsky excels. Gerd Reinholm is Germany's leading "Gestaltungstänzer" ; in the part of Orestes he gives a striking performance. Tana Herzberg is Clytaemnestra. She has a strange fascination and her precise dancing makes her one of the most promising dancers Germany has produced since the war. Gisela Deege is the kind of a dancer who should concentrate more on dramatic ballet, and in this portrayal of Elektra she really came into her own.

Tatiana Gsovky's impressive production was supported by Werner Schachteli's setting, convincing through its simplicity. The stage is empty, except for what is absolutely necessary, the Mykene Gate and a wooden scaffold. The lighting changes for each scene, concentrated on blue, orange and grey.

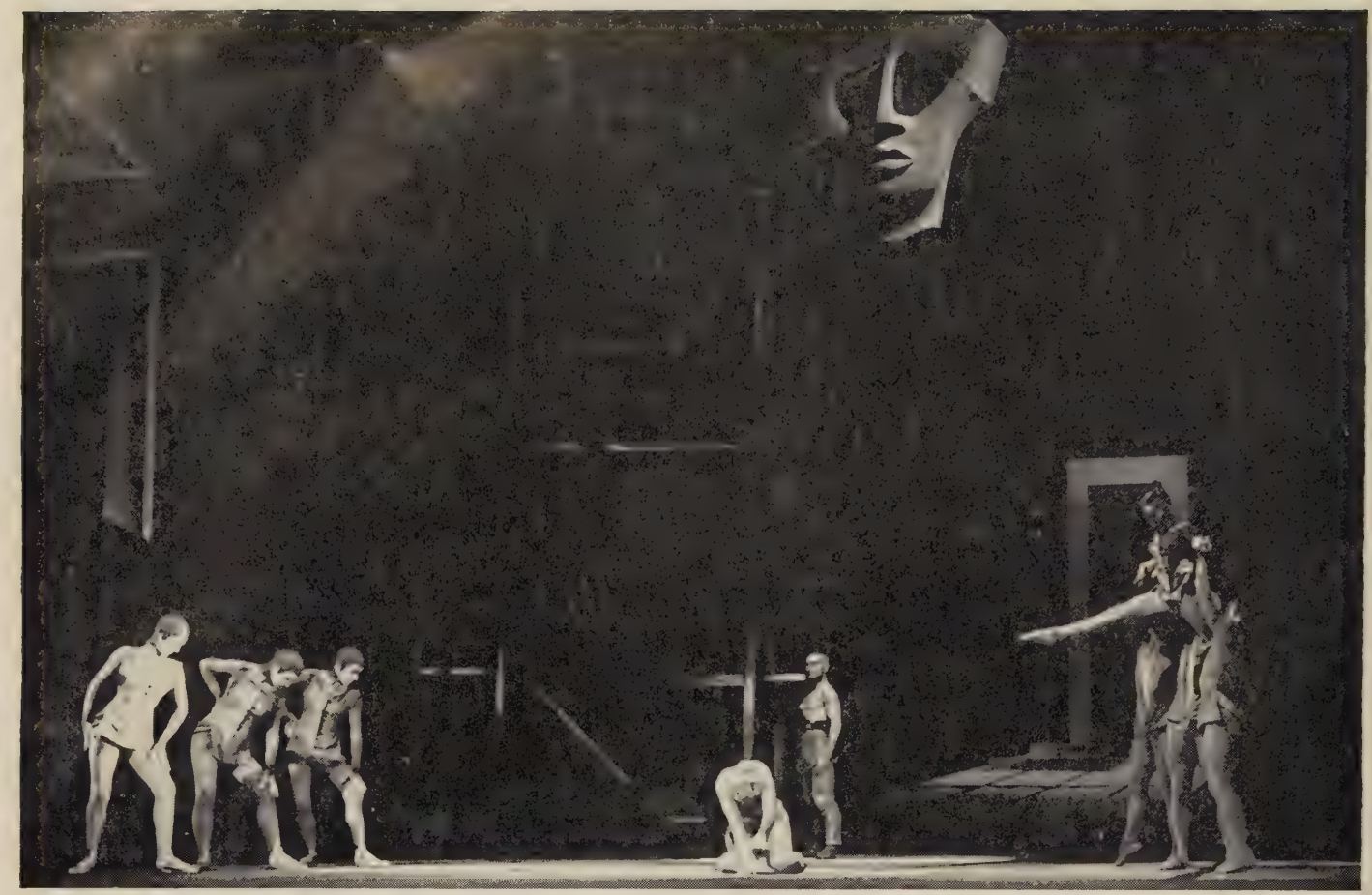
This ballet programme was the first contribution of the Berlin Opera House Ballet to this year's Berlin Festival. Altogether it must be said that the evening was a very successful one. The idea of showing *Undine* together with another ballet will probably help Henze's work to survive. The Festival programme of the Städtische Oper was continued by a performance of Erika Hanka's Othello-ballet *Der Mohr von Venedig*, with music by Boris Blacher, and with Gisela Deege in the part of Desdemona and Gerd Reinholm dancing Othello. The choreography is by Tatiana Gsovsky, and settings and costumes by Jean Pierre Ponelle.

The last ballet performances had their premières towards the end of the Festival. Dore Hoyer, a pupil of Mary Wigman, rehearsed the *corps de ballet* of the Städtische Oper in *Der Tanz um das goldene Kalb*, which played an important part in the first German stage performance of Arnold Schoenberg's opera *Moses und Aron*.

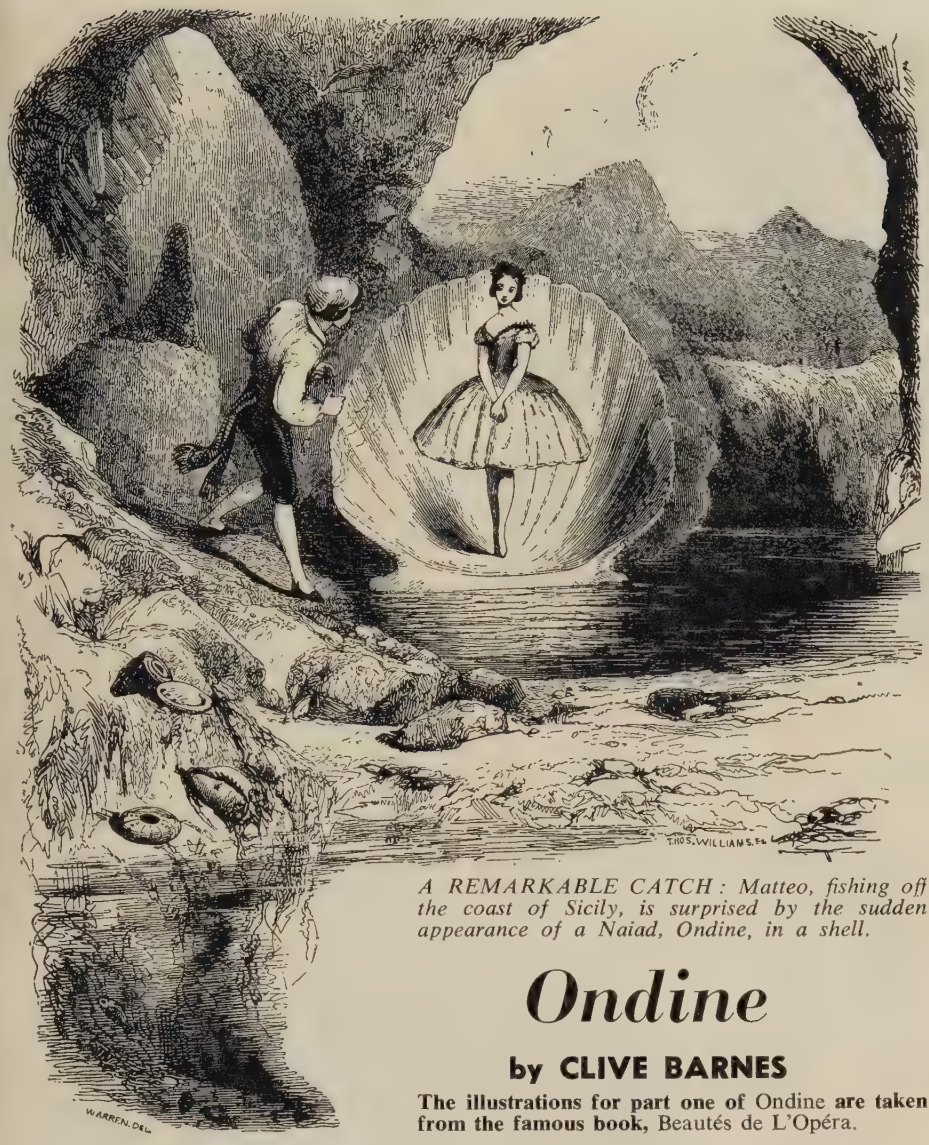
Jerome Robbins also came to Berlin after performing his programme at about half a dozen European Festivals. Finally there was a discussion on the theme of "Tanz und Theater" with Rosalina Chladek, Tatiana Gsovsky, Hans Werner Henze, Kurt Jooss, Otto Fr. Regner, Gerol Reinholm, Karl H. Ruppert and Mary Wigman.

Pictures of Schwarze Sonne will be found on the next page.

LORD OF THE MEDITERRANEAN : Manfred Taubert, as Tirrenio, the master of the undersea world, who controls the destiny of Undine. *Photo : Enkelmann.*



SCHWARZE SONNE (Black Sun): *Three pictures of the work reviewed on the previous page. Above, Köster's photograph of the setting by Werner Schachteli at the moment when Elektra is stoned. Below left: Elektra (Gisela Deege) with Orestes (Gerd Reinholm). Below right: Clytaemnestra (Tana Herzberg) with Orestes (Gerd Reinholm) in Enkelmann's pictures.*



A REMARKABLE CATCH: Matteo, fishing off the coast of Sicily, is surprised by the sudden appearance of a Naiad, Ondine, in a shell.

Ondine

by CLIVE BARNES

The illustrations for part one of Ondine **are taken from the famous book,** Beautés de L'Opéra.

IN 1811 there was published in Berlin a novel called *Undine.* Its author was Baron Frederich Heinrich de la Motte Fouqué, a strange man who was born at Brandenburg in 1777 and had French antecedents. For a short time Fouqué was an officer in the Prussian Cavalry, and later he was a lecturer in medieval history at the University of Halle. The latter part of his life, until his death in 1843, was devoted to writing and was spent either on his estate at Rathenow or in Paris. He was one of the most prolific writers of the German Romantic movement, producing both poetry and novels in super abundance, one of his novels, *Sintram,* achieved a fairly lasting success, but he is today only known to posterity by *Undine.*

This tale of a water nymph enjoyed immense popularity in its day, being translated into many languages and commanding the respect of such contemporaries as Goethe and Heine. Such a theme at such a time could naturally be expected to appeal to the ballet masters of the Romantic Ballet, and by 1836 Paul Taglioni produced *Undine, Die Wassernymphe* in Berlin with music by Hermann Schmidt, with the title rôle presumably being danced by his then partner and wife Amalia Galster. But the most famous *Ondine* was undoubtedly that by Jules Perrot, first produced in London in 1843.

Perrot — one of the world's great choreographers — born in 1810, made his début around 1823 at the Gaîéte Theatre in Paris, as "a boulevard dancer" appearing in grotesque character parts such as clowns and monkeys.

It was during these days that he studied seriously as a classical dancer under Auguste Vestris and, according to the American historian, George Chaffee, made his début in that capacity at the Porte-St.-Martin Theatre — a sort of primitive *volksoper* of the day — in 1827. Eventually he was engaged by the Paris Opéra, and made his début as a member of the Academie Royale on June 23, 1830. However, some months earlier, on February 6, Perrot — already announced by *The Times* as being a member of the Paris Opéra troupe! — made his first appearance in London at the King's Theatre (later Her Majesty's Theatre) dancing in Louis Milon's 14-year-old ballet *Le Carnaval de Venise,* being noticed by *The Times* as "a very neat and elegant dancer."

Perrot remained at the Paris Opéra until 1835, when he left following some sort of disagreement with the management. His relationship with the Opéra has always been a matter of some controversy, but the reason for his departure was probably partly financial — as, to use Gautier's phrase, "the male Taglioni" could demand vast fees as a freelance, and partly also because he found the artistic atmosphere of the Paris Opéra stifling his creative activities.

Perrot first met Carlotta Grisi in Naples in 1833, when Carlotta was barely more than a nymphet of 14. Perrot fell madly in love with Grisi and for years prepared her to be one of the great ballerinas of the Romantic age. This was achieved on June 28, 1841, when Grisi created the rôle of Giselle at the Paris Opéra, Perrot being the anonymous co-choreographer with ballet-master, Jean Coralli.

The next year, on March 12, Grisi made her London début in *Giselle,* the occasion being the first night of Benjamin Lumley's long and glorious tenure of office as manager of Her Majesty's Theatre. Lumley was in every way a remarkable man, and under his direction for a period of nearly ten years Her Majesty's became the most important ballet theatre in the entire world. When Lumley took over the theatre, on the death of its previous manager Pierre Laporte, the principal choreographer was André Deshayes, a pupil of Jean Aumer, and best remembered for his ballet *Kenilworth.* Deshayes shared the choreographic credits for *Giselle* in London with Perrot. Grisi's success was such that, according to Lifar's biography, she twice asked the Paris Opéra for extensions of her leave, but eventually had to return for rehearsals of Albert's *La Jolie Fille de Gand* which was eventually premiered on June 22. Perrot, on the other hand, had no contract with the Opéra, and Lumley arranged for him to stay on in London as assistant to Deshayes.

The first ballet of Perrot's, apart, of course, from his contributions to *Giselle,* was *The Neapolitan Fisherman* given on April 28, before Grisi, who starred in this revival, had left for Paris. On May 14 Fanny Cerrito joined the company, making her season's début in the first London production of her own ballet *L'Elève d'Amour,* and more significantly on June 23 came the second big première of the season, *Alma,* in which the choreography was divided between Deshayes, Perrot and Cerrito herself. This was Deshayes's last production, for the veteran ballet-master — he had made his London début with d'Egville in 1800 — retired, leaving the field clear for his young contemporary. And so in 1843 began the real reign of Jules Perrot in London, which were to be the most creative years of Perrot's life.

Ondine was the most important production of the 1843 season. What gave Perrot the idea for his ballet will never now be known, but it is perhaps worth remarking that Fouqué, the author, died in Berlin on January 23 of that year. Is it too wild a surmise to imagine that the reports of his death could have given Perrot — or perhaps more likely Lumley — the inspiration for an *Ondine* ballet? I say more likely Lumley, because not only do we know that he did in fact sometimes contribute themes for ballets *(Esmeralda* and, of course, the *Pas de Quatre* are cases in point), but also because Perrot having got Fouqué's novel virtually abandoned it, apart from the title, which he promptly Frenchified to *Ondine,* and the central idea of a water nymph. (The libretto's treatment of Fouqué's romance irresistibly recalls the actions of those present-day Hollywood moguls who buy up the rights to a novel and eventually retain

FESTIVAL OF THE MADONNA : During the course of Perrot's version of Ondine, *peasants are preparing for the Festival of the Madonna. Giannina, betrothed to Matteo, is seen also preparing for her wedding.*

in their film little more than the title, which they only slightly change !)

Fouqué's hero, a fine knight Huldbrand, becomes in Perrot the simple fisherman Matteo. Most commentators have ascribed this transformation to Perrot's "democratic tendencies," but in so doing they may well be following a little too closely the views of the Soviet critic Yuri Slonimsky, who in his *Dance Index* monograph on Perrot argues this case persuasively, but very possibly with one eye cocked at its political implications. Certainly not all the facts of Perrot's career support him in any rôle as "a man of the people" and it seems to me that Ivor Guest, in his immensely valuable article *"Undine" : The Pure Gold of Romanticism* (in *Ballet Annual, No. 13),* is a good deal nearer the more prosaic truth when he suggests "Perrot could lay no claim to a noble presence, and when he devised a ballet in which he was to play the leading rôle, the hero would appear as a man of humble origin."

ONDINE DANCES : As she dances in the moonlight Ondine discovers her own shadow. This is the famous Danse de L'Ombre.

The ballet had its first performance on June 22, 1843, and was described on the posters as *Ondine, ou la Naïade,* the cast being Fanny Cerrito as Ondine, Mme. Copère as Hydrola, Jules Perrot as Matteo, Mme. Camille as Theresa and Marie Guy-Stéphan as Giannina. The story — which is given in detail by both Cyril Beaumont in his *Complete Book of Ballets* and Ivor Guest in his biography *Fanny Cerrito* is a typical conventional Romantic ballet scenario — it seems to have been more closely based on *La Sylphide* than on Fouqué's romance.

Perrot cast his ballet into six scenes. Set in Italy, it opens on the sea shore where Matteo, a fisherman, is receiving the congratulations of his friends on his approaching marriage. Left to himself he suddenly has a vision of Ondine, who comes out of the sea — Venus-fashion — in a vast shell. Entranced by this vision he chases her along the rocks but she jumps into the air and floats down into the sea below. Matteo tries to follow her to his certain death, but is restrained by the return of his friends.

Matteo returns to his cottage where he tells his fiancée Giannina about Ondine. Ondine herself then appears in the room, invisible to all. Piqued by the sight of Matteo and Giannina together, Ondine starts playing pranks on the three of them who are spinning silk. At last she makes herself visible to Matteo, who has to be held back by Giannina from following her out of the cottage. Matteo goes to bed, but no sooner does he fall asleep than Ondine invades his dreams, and he is transported to the caves and grottos of her under-water world. Hydrola, Ondine's mother and the Queen of the water sprites, warns her daughter of the dangers of mortal love, but Ondine expresses herself willing to sacrifice everything for Matteo.

The next scene is set on the eve of the Festival of the Madonna, and Matteo and Giannina take part in the peasant festivities, but throughout the gay throng, Matteo is still troubled by his visions of Ondine. Everyone leaves except the affianced couple, and Matteo goes to get his boat. While he is away Giannina notices some sprites in the water and they lure her towards them. She is taken down into their kingdom, while Ondine — in the guise of Giannina — takes the mortal's place. Matteo returns with his boat and, together with the girl he thinks to be Giannina, he rows across the bay, while beneath the waters the real Giannina can be seen being carried away by the water nymphs.

Ondine soon finds that mortality has its difficulties. Left in her (or rather Giannina's) bedroom Ondine feels a paralysis creeping over her. And her mother appears before her to implore her to return before it is too late. But Ondine will have none of it, and Matteo comes in and does his best to comfort his sickly fiancée. In the final scene Matteo is seen leading Ondine/Giannina to church for their wedding. But Hydrola appears once more and restores the real Giannina to Matteo and takes Ondine back with her to her sub-aqueous kingdom, so all ends happily.

Despite the final rehearsals being somewhat interrupted by Cerrito having influenza, the ballet proved a triumphant success, becoming one of the most popular works in Her Majesty's Theatre's repertory. Ivor Guest, in the article for *Ballet Annual* previously quoted, says : "Between 1843 and 1851 it was given, either in its entirety or in extracts, 54 times, a figure exceeded only by *Masaniello* (80), *La Sylphide* (79), *La Esmeralda* (76), *Alma* (72) and *La Somnabule* (66), and easily surpassing *Giselle* (36).

It concluded the programme for the Command Performance before Queen Victoria in 1843, it was performed before the Tsar Nicholas I when he came to London on a State Visit the following year, it became the model for a number of parodies, and it inspired a political cartoon in Punch."

The music was by Cesare Pugni, one of the most prolific of all 19th-century ballet composers. Although Pugni is accredited with over 300 ballet scores, in addition to the many operas and masses, surprisingly he does not rank even the smallest entry in *Grove* — an omission that should surely be rectified for the next edition of that famous musical encyclopaedia. Yet this neglect of Pugni is typical, and nearly every writer goes out of his way to insult the poor man's tiny reputation. Still, ballet hack though he undoubtedly was, Pugni as a composer had considerably more stature than most of his contemporaries, and although his music was intrinsically of no great shakes, it was pretty enough and perfectly adequate for the function of ballet music as it was *then* understood.

Benjamin Lumley was almost certainly one of the greatest Opera House intendants the world has ever known — and it is worth remembering that during the best years of his management he not only had the world's finest ballet but also the world's finest opera company. A far from unimportant factor in these two supremacies was the quality of his back-stage staff and designers. The scenery was by William Grieve who was stage designer at the King's (Her Majesty's) Theatre from 1829 until his death in 1844. Grieve, who was also famous for his scenery for the oriental plays and pantomimes at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, was clearly a designer of considerable merit. One can get a surprisingly good idea of his work from studying contemporary prints — even though many of these were of subsequent Paris productions. An artist in the then fashionable Romantic picturesque tradition, at his best his rocks, caverns and waterfalls must have looked like a Salvator Rosa painting come to life.

The Times the next day was enthusiastic in its praise of the new ballet, even though it made the point that it was "a work completely produced rather than a complete work" — an interesting remark, if a little ambiguous! However, the *Morning Herald,* as quoted by Ivor Guest, commented that: "Perrot is the Flaxman of the ballet; he would compose admirable *bas reliefs* for the frieze of a temple; and in olden times he would have wielded the mallet of a sculptor rather than the baton of a ballet master."

Without question the most original dance in the production was Perrot's *Pas de l'ombre,* danced by Cerrito when she first comes on land after assuming the guise of Giannina. Dancing with her own shadow Cerrito made a striking effect in a *variation* that was always to be associated with her name. Perrot was also greatly praised for his *ensemble* dances — including the *tableau* of the Feast of the Madonna which was based on a then well-known painting by Léopold Robert — and it is worth making Slonimsky's point (*op. cit.*) that: "In Perrot's ballets the dancers dance only when the emotional saturation of the unfolding events permits the inclusion of a dance. Perrot does not hunt for an opening for a *divertissement* dance in a plot." Perrot was the true disciple of Noverre, and earlier Slonimsky quotes André Levinson's authority for saying that a copy of Noverre's *Letters on the Dance,* belonging to Perrot, is "full of weighty critical marginal notes, which bring out his deep solidarity with his great predecessor."

Of course in *Ondine* Perrot was not the sole choreographer, and some of the other numbers, including a famous *pas de six* (danced by Cerrito, Saint-Léon, Camille, Scheffer, Galby and Bernard) have been choreographed by Cerrito herself. But it was really Perrot's ballet, and when he eventually took up the position of ballet-master in St. Petersburg, he produced a revised version of *Ondine* entitled *The Naïad and the Fisherman,* which was first produced on January 30, 1851, with Carlotta Grisi in the title rôle. This version was in three acts and five scenes, and the action was not continuous as it had been in London, the ballet having been enlarged — presumably with extra music by the ever-obliging Pugni, who had also turned up in St. Petersburg — to provide a full evening's entertainment.

The ballet held its place in the Russian repertory and *Ondine* was danced by nearly

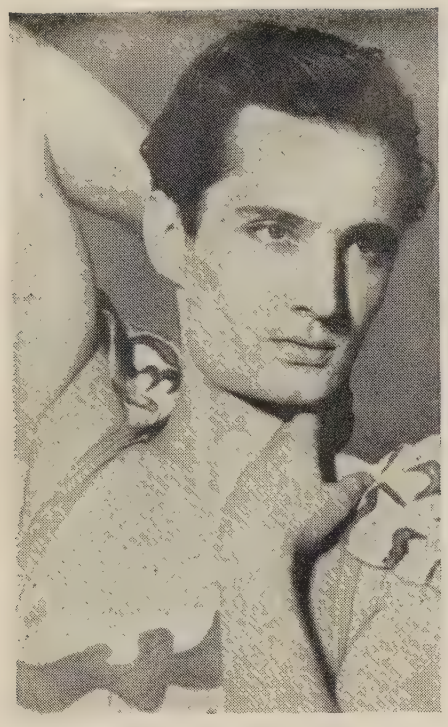
Continued on page 27

ONDINE'S JEALOUSY (above): Jealous of Matteo's attentions to his betrothed Giannina, Ondine suddenly appears in his cottage and causes general confusion.

ONDINE RETURNS TO THE WATER (left): At one point in the ballet Ondine lures Matteo to the edge of a cliff and then gently drops down into the water. Matteo is saved from following her by the peasants.

He can bring a poor ballet to success

by JOHN PERCIVAL



SKOURATOFF in the days when he was with Original Ballet Russe.

I CANNOT think of any other dancer working today who can do more to make a success of a poor ballet than Vladimir Skouratoff. His strength even in the most aimless and exhausting variation; his ability to suggest a real character from the most trivial hints in the choreography; his very real and commanding manliness; his curiously reserved air of authority — if a ballet flops in spite of these, it must be a miserable failure indeed. Unfortunately, of all too many of the works in which we have seen Skouratoff dance since he first came to London soon after the war, there is really nothing more than that to be said.

As if these formidable virtues were too much for one man to enjoy, Skouratoff seems to be cursed with some kind of a demon which apparently makes him restless in his work. This it could be which has sometimes led him, in the past, to a mischievous capriciousness on stage.

I remember, for instance, the occasion when he and Kalioujny, swathed in raincoats and hidden behind slouch hats and dark glasses, held a picnic on the side of the stage during *Les Forains*. A loaf and a bottle of wine were produced; when these had been consumed, they smoked cigarettes and read their newspapers, taking no notice of the performance which the travelling players were giving meanwhile. When the time came for the usually unsuccessful collection from the by-standers, however, they gave the ballet an unexpected happy ending by showering the stage with handfuls of coins.

This was all good clean fun, but there was also the time when Skouratoff introduced some eccentrically satirical touches into a performance of *Le Rendezvous,* producing a doll torn out of a sheet of paper, indicating a sudden and imaginary touch of lumbago and finally setting off a riot of improvisation by the whole cast which completely changed the mood of the ballet from melodrama to farce.

These are isolated instances, but I imagine them to have been inspired by the same restless urge for something new which has led him from one company to another. In London alone he has danced with ten different *ensembles* in only thirteen years.

He had begun his career in Paris, where he was born of Ukrainian parents and where he received his training from Preobrajenska and from Boris Kniaseff. His début was made, during the Occupation, at the Lido — a cabaret of international fame, noted for its lavish spectacles as well as its showgirls. In these not very auspicious surroundings the young Skouratoff earned his living in boredom while his contemporaries, Petit, Charrat and their circle, were beginning to make their names.

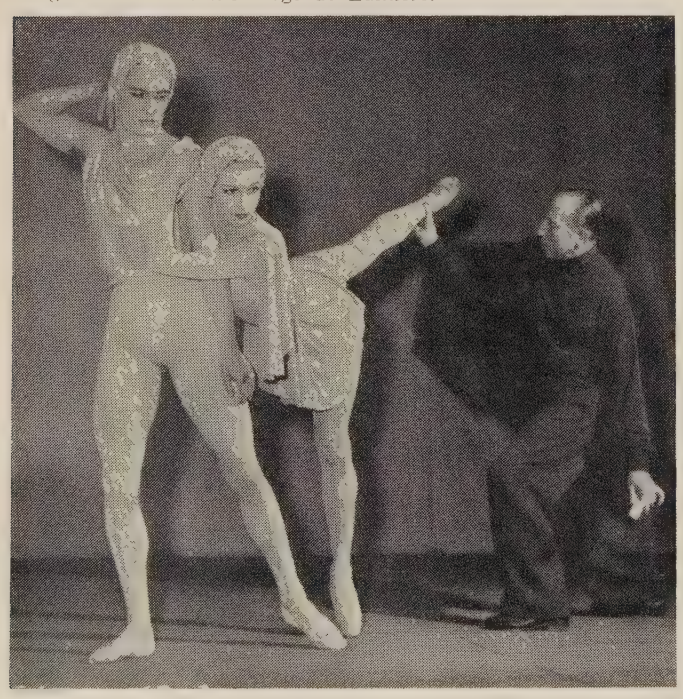
In the *Soirées de la Danse* which led to the formation of the Ballets des Champs-Elysées, Skouratoff created the title rôle in Petit's *Narcisse.* This brought him into the world of ballet for which he had been trained. Later he joined the Nouveau Ballet de Monte Carlo, and my first sight of him was during that company's London season in 1946.

On one programme, I recall, he danced three Lifar ballets one after the other, partnering Chauviré in *La Mort du Cygne,* Tcherina in *Mephisto Valse* and Jeanmaire in *Aubade.* Each, if I remember rightly, contained a typical Lifar variation, full of the showiest and most exhausting steps — a pretty stiff test of anyone's endurance.

A year later, he turned up at Covent Garden with de Basil's Ballet Russe. The *pas de deux* in *Aurora's Wedding* did not really suit him, but in *Les Sylphides* he showed that he could combine forcefulness with fluency to bring a sound but dull production to life.

His finest rôle that season he danced, I believe, only once, at the matinée of the

WITH TWO PARTNERS: Left, with Jacqueline Moreau being rehearsed by the Marquis de Cuevas in Duo. *Right, with Rosella Hightower in Taras's* Piège de Lumière.



L'AIGRETTE: *Skouratoff with Hightower in a de Cuevas ballet.*

final day: the favourite slave in *Schéhérazade*. His magnificent elevation alone would have made this performance memorable, but his interpretation was even more astonishing. Carl van Vechten has described Nijinsky in this rôle with his "subtle and sensuous fingers" fluttering close to Zobeide's flesh without ever touching her; Skouratoff, creating exactly this same effect, gave some idea of the passionate conviction the part must have gained from its first interpreter.

During the next two years, Skouratoff danced often in London. He appeared with two concert groups, Les Etoiles de la Danse and Stars of the Ballet, and he took part in three galas at the Empress Hall intended to raise funds for Nijinsky. In these seasons he danced effortlessly a variety of arduous and for the most part unrewarding rôles. More satisfying were his appearances in the first London season of Petit's Ballet de Paris.

With this company he appeared in a range of parts extending from the classic romanticism of some extracts from *The Sleeping Beauty* to the grotesque comedy of a droll, bow-legged cook in *L'Oeuf à la Coque*. With the lightness and gaiety of his variation in the *Casse Noisette pas de deux*, the formidable strength of his leaps as the warlike Tancred in *Le Combat*, the calm authority of his portrayal of the character presumably representing Death in Charrat's enigmatic *'Adame Miroir*, Skouratoff that season at last had the opportunity to prove the range and ability of his rapidly maturing powers.

It was in 1951 that Skouratoff came to London again, this time with Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées, dancing in parts created by both Petit and Babilée as well as in the classical *pas de deux*. For several years after that he seemed to have found at last a permanent home with the Marquis de Cuevas' company, but then he left to join the cast of *Le Rendezvous Manqué*. Afterwards he was reported as joining Tcherina's company, then as leaving again while the ballets were still in rehearsal; this season he has been partnering Markova at the Festival Hall.

All of this means that Skouratoff's development has been very different from that of most British dancers. He has had the experience of dancing in far more different ballets than if he had remained with one company, and of being subjected to far more different influences; what he has lost in consequence is the advantage of consistent development under a stable artistic direction.

This could easily have led to artistic bankruptcy long before now, succumbing to the temptation to rely on a flashy technique and a strong personality. Skouratoff has technique enough and personality enough to get away with this if he wanted. Not conventionally handsome, he has a strong and interesting face, with steady eyes and a quizzical mouth. His physique is good, and he possesses the kind of innate masculinity which needs no emphasis to make itself felt.

It is his gift of characterisation, however, which gives the stamp of uniqueness to many of Skouratoff's performances. This works sometimes in unexpected ways. When he danced the choreographer in Lichine's ballet without music, *La Création*, he eschewed both the fervent romanticism which Lichine himself gave the part and the brooding intensity of Babilée's performance. Instead, Skouratoff relied on an absolute quietness of manner, an impression of intellectual rather than physical or emotional power, which nevertheless dominated the ballet effectively.

There are two rôles above all in which Skouratoff gave interpretations of such compelling force that they remain persistently in my memory. One was Petit's own rôle of the Conjurer in *Les Forains*, and the other, the escaped convict in Taras's *Piège de Lumière*.

In the Petit ballet, Skouratoff was by authority and inventiveness definitely the leader of the little troupe of strolling players right from his first entrance. Although he suggested the weariness of the man at the beginning of another hopeless one-night stand, he nonetheless remained the most alive of the players, inspecting the tent as it was erected, aiding and encouraging his colleagues.

And then, during the circus performance, what charm he showed as ringmaster. All the time, by his own reaction, he led the eye of the spectator first to the performer in action, then to the tent from which the next was to appear.

With little gestures and momentary expressions he controlled all reactions to what the other dancers were doing. With his forefinger pressed against a thumb, or a hand cupped round one ear, with a kiss of the fingers or a knowing look, he prepared the way for the others or emphasised the highspots of their solos. He was like a chef, minutely supervising the preparation of some confection; he loaded his part with infinite detail, yet kept a light touch throughout, and the ballet took fire from his ardour.

When the time came for his own contribution to the circus, he danced easily, gaily, charmingly. Even the "magic" tricks were done more adroitly than usual — he needed no handkerchief, for instance, to mask the flowers which materialised in his hand.

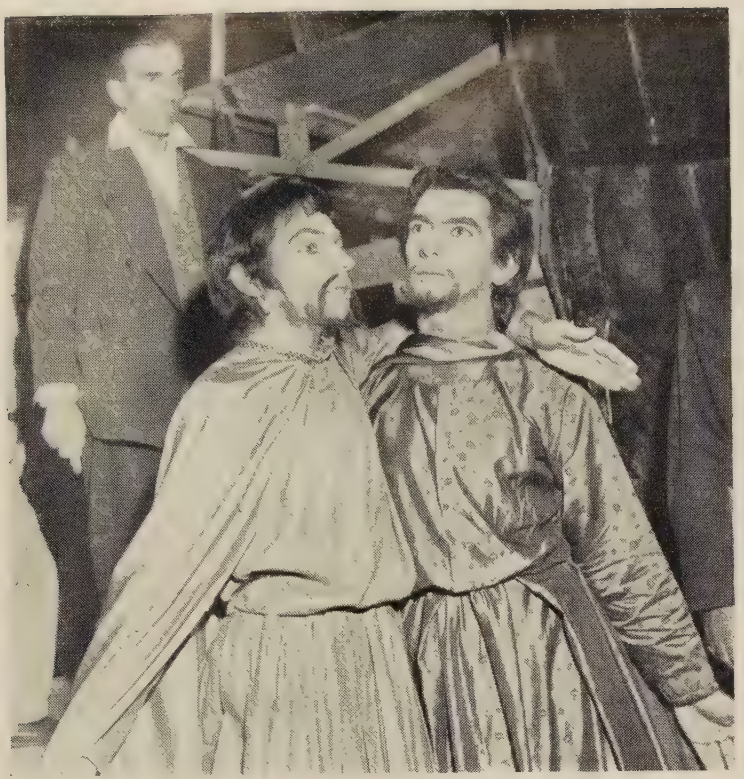
There is a world of difference between *Les Forains* and *Piège de Lumière*. The

LA TERTULIA: *Skouratoff with Jacqueline Moreau in Ana Ricarda's ballet.*

newly-escaped convict in Taras's ballet, coming into the dim forest clearing, is no less weary than the Conjurer of *Les Forains*, yet the moment the chain has been broken from his leg he springs into a hectic variation. Apart from its dramatic implausibility, this solo is not, I feel, particularly well arranged, but Skouratoff's vigorous approach made it look better than it was.

After this unpromising beginning, the convict fades out of the action until the last scene, when he is captivated by the beautiful butterfly, the Morphide. In his vain attempt to capture her he becomes coated with pollen; this causes him to become mad, imagining that he too is turning into an insect. Skouratoff's gift of conveying the right character without obvious acting enabled him to carry off this preposterous rôle with conviction. At the end of the ballet his torment and growing madness could be seen cumulatively, first in the expression of his eyes as, alone and dejected, he entered the stage empty-handed after the procession of the other escaped convicts with their victims; then in the spasmodic clutching of his hands, and finally in the twisting violence of his whole body in desperate, agonised leaps.

Skouratoff's latest appearances with Festival Ballet showed that he had lost none of his old fire, although apart from a forcefully virile Albrecht the rôles he danced gave little opportunity to display his best qualities. When and where he will turn up next is uncertain at present. What I should really like to see is for a choreographer to create for him the part he could dance best of all: that of a genuinely contemporary hero, for which all his alertness, his intelligence and his fastidious drive would seem to have been designed. In the absence of this, the one certain thing is that, self-willed and self-driving as ever, he will enliven his surroundings wherever he may find himself.



MASSINE REHEARSES RELIGIOUS BALLET: Massine puts on Laudes Evangelli *in Perugia with artists of La Scala, Milan. Christ, played by Angelo Pietri, is here seen with Judas. The music is by V. Bucchi and the designs by E. Rossi. The work, which will probably be seen at the next Nervi Festival, is said to be of great beauty.*
Photo: Lido.

SPANISH DANCE AWARD: Anita Mascareñas receiving the Carmen Amaya Award from the judges, Juan Magriña, Sebastian Gasch and Alfonso Puig. She was the first recipient of a new award during the Festival of Mediterranean Song and Dance held in Barcelona recently. Famous actor Alberto Closas is at the microphone.

curtain up!

Out of Danger!

USUALLY the annual report of the Arts Council makes pretty gloomy reading to anyone interested in the arts, especially the arts of opera and ballet, which appear to consume the lion's share of the available subsidies. This year, however, in spite of the characteristic and doom-ridden title of the report — *The Struggle for Survival* — it is able to assert that Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells are out of danger. Even so there is a word of warning: "Quite apart from any question of rising costs, an appreciable drop in attendances prolonged for any length of time would immediately produce a new financial crisis".

Though naturally we are all delighted that the danger of an immediate shut-down has passed for the moment, it all sounds horribly repetitious of those reports that used to be put out during the war to soften the blow for future disasters.

Most of us read the report for the main review of the year's activities at the front and then just glance at the appendices. This is to lose half the fun, because frequently significant and even amusing items are tucked away in the small print at the end. What, for instance, are we to make of this item of expenditure under the heading of Drama:

"Theatre planning . . . £13 8s. 6d."

Must have been a rather small theatre!

Black's Competition

MOST people know the admirable series, *Dancers of Today*, which A. & C. Black have been putting out over the years. Shortly two more volumes are to be added to the rapidly swelling list. These are *Great Ballerinas of Today* followed later by *Great Male Dancers of Today*. If you and the Editor have the same ideas as to who these 24 people should be then you stand a good chance of winning 10 guineas' worth of ballet books from Black's list.

All you have to do is to write down the names of the 12 ballerinas and 12 male dancers *you* would choose on a postcard, add your name and address and send your entry in a sealed envelope to A. & C. Black Ltd., 4 Soho Square, London, W.1, marking your envelope "GREAT DANCERS", before February 29 of next year. The entries will remain sealed until March 1, then the first correct entry to be opened will be awarded 10 guineas' worth of books, 5 guineas' worth go to the second and third, the next four will get 2 guineas' worth. The next twenty correct entries will get a copy of *Great Ballerinas of Today*. The results will be announced in the April issue of *Dance and Dancers*.

American B.M. for British Co.

DURING the last season of London's Festival Ballet at Festival Hall, a name unfamiliar to most of Britain's ballet audiences took up a discreet position at the bottom right-hand corner of the company's personnel list. The fact that Charles Dickson's appointment as ballet master has not been sparked off with a fanfare of publicity does not mean that he is ill-fitted to the post. For most of his dancing career, Dickson worked with all the major choreographers including Fokine, Balanchine and Tudor. In addition to dancing with Ballet Theatre and Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, he has been ballet master for no less than two companies — the Alicia Alonso company in Cuba and, for three years, with the Borovansky Ballet in Australia.

The fact that towards the end of its London season the company was starting to show a far greater sense of discipline may possibly have been due to Dickson's presence.

The Ubiquitous Helpmann

IN the whole history of male dancing it is doubtful whether anyone has conquered so may different sides of theatre activity as has Robert Helpmann — classical dancer, character dancer, mime choreographer, actor, producer and yes, on one occassion he could even have been called a singer. He only needs to do a circus act and give a conjuring display and he will have about done it all.

At the moment he is in the middle of producing and choreographing about 20 numbers for the Cole Porter *Aladdin*. This mammoth pantomime is due at the Coliseum just before Christmas. The dancing cast will be headed by Anne Heaton, who has made a very speedy and very welcome return to dancing after her recent retirement a few months ago. All in all this sounds as though it will be the most "dancing" pantomime seen in many years.

But if you think that Helpmann is content just working about 24 hours a day on this production you are mistaken. He has also found time to rehearse the travestie rôle of Mother Simone in Ashton's *La Fille Mal Gardée*, due to be produced at Covent Garden on January 28. At the same time Helpmann is to make his return in other

works in the Royal Ballet's repertory during the early months of 1960.

Away, away

AS already announced, the touring section of the Royal Ballet is to tour South Africa during the Spring. Brian Shaw is said to be with the company for the whole tour and Beriosova and MacLeary and Nerina and Burne are to appear as principal guests from time to time. Incidentally, the fears I recently expressed about segregated audiences during this tour have, I understand, been allayed by the diplomacy of Equity. They have persuaded the Royal Ballet to insist on some performances for native and mixed audiences. This is heartening news for those who also believe that colour bars have no place in art.

Despite the frequent statement that "we shall never do a long tour of America again", the Royal Ballet (non-touring section) is to tour America in the Autumn of 1960. The usual month-long New York Metropolitan season is to be followed by the usual five-month tour. At home the touring section may put on a season at Covent Garden with the possibility of a new full-length production of *Casse Noisette* for Christmas. I understand that there will be quite a trans-Atlantic shuffle of stars between the two companies as few of them will run the full gamut of coast-to-coast American touring.

A rocket to stardom

NADIA NERINA'S indisposition on the night she was to dance *Le Lac des Cygnes* was indeed lucky for Antoinette Sibley, giving her the chance to dance the Odette-Odile rôle at the Garden much earlier than she would otherwise have done (her performance is reviewed elsewhere). But if the Russians or even the Americans had fired another rocket to the moon over the week-end, or a well-known politician made an unexpectedly pacific or aggressive speech, the whole business would have been pushed right out of the headlines, as never has a dance occasion received such publicity on radio, television or in the newspapers as did Sibley's Covent Garden début as Odette-Odile.

The person who seemed the least excited about it all was Sibley herself. One interviewer tried to put into her mouth some words about being pulled out of the *corps de ballet* to dance the lead ; her comment was as bracing as a cold douche : "Not really, but I hadn't rehearsed the part since I last danced it a fortnight ago".

Retreat of the Guards

THE much-discussed retreat of the Guards, who have been driven behind the railings of Buckingham Palace by the importunities of tourists and others, may have a mild effect on ballet — or rather on *a* ballet. I refer, of course, to the fact that Festival Ballet's *London Morning* is now out of date.

Poor Dr. Braunsweg must be torn two ways about this : on the one hand he could let the ballet be performed as it was created, and regard it as a touching museum piece perpetuating an abandoned London custom; or he could have it brought up to the moment and enjoy the somewhat ambiguous pleasure of seeing his dancers behind bars.

As to what I would do with the ballet if the decision were mine — but that's another matter altogether.

Western survival

"WHAT happened to that company which started in Bristol?", people keep asking. They mean, of course, Western Theatre Ballet, which bravely started up to provide the West of England with a ballet company and then encountered a certain amount of financial complication. Well, I find that they have managed to keep together and after an up-hill struggle are pulling through. They have toured abroad and, at the end of November, are at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnai in Brussels. There they give a short season with the permanent Belgian National Ballet when they present three works from their own repertory — *Bal de Victoire* (music by Kuhlau), *The Prisoners* (music by Bartok) and *Chiaroscuro* (music by Milhaud) — all three works have choreography by Peter Darrell and designs by Barry Kay. During this season a new jazz work, *Quatre Quarts,* will have its world prèmiere. This is also by Darrell to a specially commissioned score by the Belgian composer Albimor, and with designs by Vanerom.

Later, I hear that the company is to feature on television and then give some performances in other Belgian towns. It is encouraging to know that this youngest British company is keeping its head above water.

Audience Playtime

DELIBERATELY arriving late so as to miss the first ballet at Covent Garden the other evening I was surprised to hear strains of music very audibly blaring through the foyers. The explanation lay in a number of loudspeakers placed in the entrance hall and other places. No doubt it is a gesture to those who cannot gain admittance after the curtain rises, but in fact it sounded more like "Workers' Playtime" in a factory. Just how democratic can our "Royal" theatres get !

Another Royal Match

TWO more of the Royal Ballet's dancers are engaged to be married. One of the most talented of the company's young male dancers, David Drew, is to marry that pretty and promising young entry, Jacqueline Daryl. Drew is currently on National Service, but he tells me that he will leave the army at the end of next June and they plan to get married a fortnight later. He rejoins the company for the opening of their pre-American season.

Military service may have kept Drew off the stage, but it hasn't kept him away from ballet. I have grown used to seeing him in the audience at Covent Garden and even in the wilds of Streatham Hill when his company was playing there.

happy birthday to...

		December
Pixie Bevan	London's Festival Ballet	26
Fernand Nault	American Ballet Theatre	27
Christina Katin	London's Festival Ballet	28
Yelle Bettencourt	De Cuevas International Ballet	30
Margaret Dale	Television Producer	30
Beryl Goldwyn	Ballet Rambert	31
		January
Mary Coulson	London's Festival Ballet	1
Peter Clegg	The Royal Ballet	3
Olga Makcheeva	De Cuevas International Ballet	3
Anya Linden	The Royal Ballet	3
Ray Barra	The State Theatre, Stuttgart	3
Génia Melikova	De Cuevas International Ballet	6
Dame Adeline Genée		6
Bronislava Nijinska	De Cuevas International Ballet	8
Johaar Mosaval	The Royal Ballet	8
Calliope Venieris	De Cuevas International Ballet	10
Kurt Jooss		12
Patti Schmidt	American Ballet Theatre	12
André Prokovsky	London's Festival Ballet	13
Roland Petit		13
John Kriza	American Ballet Theatre	15
Mary Munro		15
Ivan Dragadze	Milorad Miskovitch Company	17
Margaret Mercier	Les Grands Ballets Canadiens	17
Nora Kaye	American Ballet Theatre	17
Belinda Wright	London's Festival Ballet	18
John Benfield	Ballet Rambert	20

Dancer You Will Know

IN LA VALSE *Photo : Houston Rogers*

KEITH ROSSON

BORN in Birmingham in 1937. He started to dance with the Birmingham teacher Mary Deverson in 1950, and two years later won a scholarship to the Royal Ballet School, which he entered in March, 1952. He made his stage début with the Covent Garden Opera Ballet in 1954, joining the resident Royal Ballet at Covent Garden a year later. He was appointed junior soloist this year.
Creations : Leading dancer in La Valse; *(for Sunday Ballet Club) Young Man in* Enchantment. *Rôles : Centre Dancer in the* Pas de Six *and* Mazurka *in* Swan Lake; *Rose Adagio, Lilac Fairy Cavalier and Wolf in* The Sleeping Beauty; *Orion in* Sylvia; *Pan in* Daphnis and Chloë; *Mountaineer in* Façade; *Burne's variation in the* Pas de Six *of* The Prince of the Pagodas; *Sailor in* Pineapple Poll.

THE first thing anyone is likely to notice about Keith Rosson's dancing is his elevation — he can have a quite prodigious leap. This, which I think we first noticed when he appeared as the Wolf in *Sleeping Beauty* (a once boring part which in recent years has gained a quite new interest by being made into a sort of high-jump contest), has made him a natural to succeed Gary Burne as the leading Brown Skater in *Les Patineurs.* He has also succeeded Burne in *The Prince of the Pagodas,* where he danced with a quite remarkable promise.

His general style of dancing is forthright and he uses his fine physique to good advantage. On the stage he has a tendency to be withdrawn in manner. This reserve sometimes leads him to appear somewhat haughty when dancing in the *corps de ballet,* and he probably needs to project a rather warmer personality.

It would be interesting to see him in dramatic rôles, for he is a steadily developing dancer who should have a good future before him.

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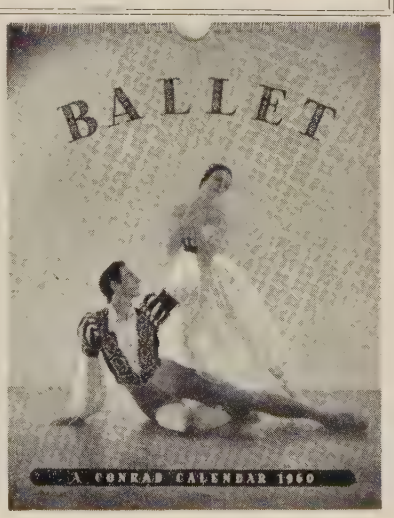

Noel Streatfeild

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The Eager-beaver in Moscow

NEW BOOKS

Owing to the printers' dispute last Summer, many of the books scheduled to be published at this time are late. This also goes for some of the books we expect to see in the Autumn of each year. It is hoped that many of these will have appeared by the next issue when we shall carry full reviews. Though late this will still be in time for Christmas and anyway will be in time for Christmas gift vouchers.

Entertainment in Russia, by Faubion Bowers (Nelson, 42*s.*).

ALTHOUGH this book costs two guineas, it would be dear at half the price. It is the account of a visit to Russia by an American journalist, who is also apparently "a linguist with a command of Russian". He writes about the entire Russian entertainment field with, so far as I can see, very little understanding. That part of the book devoted to ballet adds completely nothing to what we already know about Soviet ballet. But there is a most marvellously comic account — unintentionally comic to make it all the funnier — of the author's meeting with Ulanova.

Although they are talking superbly at cross-purposes during almost the entire interview, this American eager-beaver writes it all down and solemnly reproduces it in his book. After asking her such world-shattering questions as "How many hours a day do you practice?" and "Have you a favourite ballet?", Bowers really gets down to business with: "Am I correct in understanding that in Russia the ballerina has less freedom, choreographically speaking, than our dancers in the West?" He is *not* correct, and this causes a certain confusion — which goes on and on for a glorious page. Then Bowers comes back with a snappy question on stage effects. This is answered perfectly sensibly, with Ulanova ending with: "Of course, in some theatres the effects get out of hand and overwhelm the dancers. The swans are flooded out by the lake." "This," Bowers confidingly tells us, "in the context of Soviet ballet was clearly a crack about the Musical Theatre and its star, the young Violetta Bovt." If Bowers had been a shade better acquainted with the "context of Soviet ballet" he would have known that far from making cracks about that particular production, Ulanova, in an article called "The Fruits of Research" published in *Sovetskoye Iskusstvo* on May 9, 1953, went out of her way to praise this *Swan Lake* at the expense of the Bolshoi, and even found kind words to say about Bovt, which I, having seen the lady in question, imagine might have been difficult.

"Later," according to Bowers, "the talk took on that strange blur between fact and fantasy which so often occurs when Americans and Russians meet." Their parting was a "little cool" and subsequently the poor, muddled American had "afterthoughts about our meeting, feeling that I had taken her time unjustifiably". What could have given him such an idea I just cannot imagine.

C. B.

A Welcome Newcomer

Dance Perspectives. No. 2, *Writings on Lev Ivanov* by Yury Slonimsky. No. 3, *Dances of Anatolian Turkey* by Metin And. No. 4, *The Alhambra Ballet* by Ivor Guest. (Dance Perspectives Inc., New York. $1.50 each issue.)

No one with a genuine interest in ballet can afford not to be a subscriber to this American series of quarterly monographs. (English readers are reminded that subscriptions can be taken out at Mr. Beaumont's bookshop in Charing Cross Road; overseas readers are advised to contact Dance Perspectives direct — the address is 1801 East 26th Street, Brooklyn 29, N.Y., U.S.A.)

WHEN you consider all the drivel published about ballet nowadays, serious studies such as these help to give one fresh hope. The Slonimsky, which has been edited and annotated by Anatole Chujoy, contains an essay from his *Masters of the Ballet* (published in Russia in 1937, this is still awaiting a complete translation, although during the war *Dance Index* published the chapters on Perrot and Petipa) together with excerpts from his *P. I. Tchaikovsky and the Ballet Theatre of his Time,* another important study awaiting Western publication. These masterly Slonimsky essays are full of interest, but this is not the place to review them in detail, and I shall in any event be commenting on them at length when I write about *Swan Lake* in the not too distant future. One casual remark I must make, however: at one time there was no doubt that ballet historians over-rated Petipa and under-estimated the contributions of Ivanov; I now wonder if in our efforts to give Ivanov his due respect we are not running the risk of being equally unfair to Petipa?

Metin And's very thorough study of Turkish dance is a model of its kind. The first essay on Turkish dancing to be published in English, it goes into its origins, history and style with great perception. One of the most interesting aspects of the monograph is the light it incidentally throws on the links between Turkish dancing and the folk-dances of South-East Europe. Indeed the influence may even have been wider, for the author gives an account of a strip-tease dance that took place in Istanbul in 1524, which sounds just like Soho in 1959.

Ivor Guest on the Alhambra Ballet is as fascinating as ever. He traces the history of the "company" from its inauguration in 1860 up to its end in 1912, and it will probably come as a surprise to the large number of people who think that there was very little taking place in British ballet, apart from the Empire Ballet, between the Romantic heyday and the advent of the Russians. I was particularly interested to read the account of Hansen's *The Swans* — a ballet clearly based on *Swan Lake* and produced, with music by the indefatigable Jacobi in place of Tchaikovsky, on December 1, 1884, two years after Hansen had mounted Tchaikovsky's ballet for the second time in Moscow. The part of the Swan Queen was here played by the "complete" Emma Palladino, but Ivanov's Odette, Pierina Legnani, was also no stranger to the Alhambra. The Italian ballerina is quoted as saying: "In the last tableau of *Aladdin,* I turn thirty-two *pirouettes* on tiptoe without dropping my foot. Not many dancers can do that." Well, can they? Guest also reminds us about the very first production of *Carmen* as a ballet in London, and also of Gorsky's *The Dance Dream.* Curious, isn't it, that London saw the choreography of Gorsky before Fokine? The monograph has a most useful check-list appended to it, and, like the rest of the series, is amply illustrated and beautifully produced. Could I perhaps remind Ivor Guest and the editor of *Dance Perspectives* that we now need a companion study on the Empire Ballet?

C. B.

French origin, English words

A Dictionary of Modern Ballet: General Editors Francis Gadan and Robert Maillard, assisted by Ronald Crichton and Mary Clarke (Methuen, 36*s.*).

A BOOK as pretty as this really needs no recommendation from a reviewer; just to see it in a bookshop is to covet it, and at its remarkably low price I can foresee it having a large sale. This is a translation — with a few amendments — of the French edition published in Paris last year. It is hardly fair to call it a "dictionary" as it is much more a series of articles, which do not hesitate to take up completely subjective viewpoints. While I am all in favour of this approach, I cannot but wish that the English publishers had followed the French edition's precedent in putting the initials of the contributor after each article — anonymous comment is never very valuable.

The whole book is, however, bursting with information. Did you know, for example, that Balanchine smoked *English* cigarettes, or that the rôle of the Hunchback in Petit's *Le Rendezvous* was created not by Babilée but by — guess — Daniel Seillier? Dipping into the book, which is chatty and easy to read, one soon comes across small errors of facts and emphasis — Bernstein's *Age of Anxiety* was not originally written for Robbins' ballet; Balanchine's version of *Jeu de Cartes* was later revived for N.Y. City Ballet when it was called *The Card Party*; Bourmeister's *The Shores of Happiness* was a creation for the Stanislavsky Ballet, not a revival — and a few more serious errors have crept in that perpetuate old howlers. The music for *Le Beau Danube,* for example, is by the Strauss family and not just Johann, the dates and descriptions of the first versions of *Chopiniana* as given here are most dubious. There is also very definite bias towards French ballet, which is natural in a translation. The English editors have done their best about this, and one lovely example occurs in the entry on Gilpin, where the original French, "L'un des meilleurs danseurs anglais d'aujourd'hui . . .", has been neatly rendered into "One of the finest male dancers of the day", which is much more flattering, and even more accurate.

But all in all this is a lovely bedside book which is made enchanting by its illustration — 143 in colour and 230 in black and white. Most of the coloured illustrations are of original ballet designs, and they have been selected with great care. Just the book for Christmas.

C. B.

Britain's first National School

The Royal Ballet School, by Noel Streatfield (Collins, 18*s.*).

MISS STREATFEILD, who is bluntly no historian, has tackled a subject beyond her grasp. Rather than confine her study to what could surely have provided fascinating material — a detailed

continued on page 32

Ballet on Wheels

Here is the story of Ballets Minerva which has taken ballet to the remotest corners of England and played in places where no other British company is able to appear.

by A. V. COTON

BALLET companies usually seem to be brought into existence to expound an artistic theory, to exploit a superlative dancer, or to expand an impresario's bank-balance. Today there exists in Great Britain a ballet company founded on much more realistic bases than any of the above-mentioned ; for Ballets Minerva was created to fulfil two very simple and highly commendable ideas — to make a living for a handful of dancers, and to carry ballets of suitable type and dimensions into any corner of the country where a stage and an audience could be found. This highly practical formula could have been applied by anyone looking clearly at the ballet situation in this country in the post-war period : it was, in fact, applied by Edward Gaillard, who planned and built this company.

In 1953 the post-war boom for ballet had awakened thousands of non-ballet-going people to the notion of actually looking at the stuff, if it were brought close enough. The problem apparently was to get so close to the prospective patrons that they had to stumble over the dancers to get across their own doorsteps.

For every potential customer in the provinces living within reach of a theatre, there must be ten? twenty? possibly as many as fifty? who never expect to make theatre-going a regular habit, for the nearest theatre is about two hours' bus ride away. Many of them are, however, served by amateur theatricals, concerts, travelling cinemas, which set up in public rooms, school halls, etc. There still exists at least a tradition that everyone needs a minimum quantity of live entertainment.

Normal ballet companies nowadays must confine their touring to places offering a fair chance at the box-office, which means towns and cities with a population of not less than fifty thousand, and equipped with professional theatres. These have ballet taken to them by the Royal Ballet, London's Festival Ballet, the Ballet Rambert ; but this leaves unvisited — and quite literally unvisitable — dozens of places of the size of, say, Tewkesbury, Halstead, Selby, Nantwich, and thousands of villages spread between south Kent and north Caithness. This is the market in which a planned and compact dance company can find business : that the business exists has been proved by this company having done between forty and forty-eight weeks' touring in each year since it started.

The story of Ballets Minerva is in no sense a conventional success story of continuous engagements, madly enthusiastic audiences, packed houses, and a full till at the box office. But it is a true success story inasmuch as the company has done pioneering work of a kind not before attempted on this scale. It has taken live ballet into hundreds of places where no dancer ever trod before : it has given pleasure to a public which its own activities have won over to an interest in ballet : it has put on ballet-appreciation shows in dozens of schools, so giving an exciting introduction to ballet to masses of children. And it is quite certain that never again will it be difficult for any worthy dance company to gather an audience in a remote part of England, Scotland or Wales. All the ice-breaking has already been done.

Edward Gaillard returned to ballet after war service by way of Les Ballets Trois Arts, then the St. James's Ballet, then a spell at the Empire Ballet. The St. James's Ballet was a splendid idea which foundered under the combined weight of lack of funds and an unrealistic repertoire. Subsidised by the Arts Council, it was created as the first English experiment in "Ballet On Wheels", with its procession of a truckload of décor and equipment, a coachload of dancers and musicians, a carload of managers and typewriters, setting up in small towns lacking real theatres.

Gaillard responded to the need to do something about (a) a job, (b) his dancer friends, and (c) the public in the backwoods, by deciding what was the smallest number you could call a ballet company, then getting together that number of dancers ready for a tough but exciting life. The company was rehearsed, a repertoire worked out, sets built, costumes made, the music prepared, inside two months. As well as supervising all this, Gaillard had to write hundreds of letters, make telephone contacts, or go and visit people in the areas he wished to tour. He worked through Arts Centres, various sorts of arts societies, local education authorities, heads of private schools of any size and location. . . . The same methods still apply, except that in many parts of the country the company makes a return booking on a visit ; but there is still a considerable weight of correspondence to keep a company moving most of the year round, in and out of any part of Great Britain.

The big central fact to make so small a company practicable is to be able to carry everything necessary in one vehicle. (This is not so difficult as it might seem ; some years before the Ballets Minerva started, a group of six performers, the Mime Theatre Company, used to travel hundreds of miles on two motor-cycle combinations — sending two baskets of costumes ahead by passenger train.) Gaillard started by loading everyone and everything on to a shooting brake (plus trailer), then he changed to a two-ton truck suitably adapted to provide passenger space as well as the equipment. Recently he has invested in a full-sized motor-coach, which allows room for all the company, plenty of luggage including lighting, and with costumes travelling hung on racks and not bundled into the usual baskets.

How the brake once overturned in a ditch ; how the brake's trailer broke loose and later overtook the company on a downhill stretch ; how every dancer learned to be a laundress-scene shifter-dresser-cook-electrician-stage manager ; how the company has been snowed up, flooded out, suffered electrical failures in performance, lost costumes and made fresh ones from local materials — these must now seem trivial disturbances in a regular routine such as few "theatricals" — even in the great days of barnstorming — could endure.

Apart from the very smallest hamlets, every place in the country has a schoolroom, a village hall, an assembly room or similar centre, each with some sort of platform that can be disguised as a stage. The biggest job on any engagement is to fit up drapes, a backcloth, some lighting, prepare a space for wardrobe and properties. After the strain or speed of these tasks, the performance is a wholly different kind of activity ; though no dancer could complain of underwork when some dates involve six evening shows a week and twice-daily demonstration programmes for school-children.

The repertoire at the beginning included *Les Sylphides* and Act 2 of *Swan Lake* plus modern lyrical and comedy ballets, mostly by Harold Foster and Edward Gaillard.

ON THE ROAD : Edward Gaillard, responsible for Ballets Minerva's existence, seated between Margaret Cameron and Kathleen Gray, relaxing between performances.

About forty ballets have been in use since the start, of which twenty form the present repertoire. Inevitably, a programme must include a "white ballet" (*Les Sylphides, Swan Lake, Casse Noisette,* Act 2, or *Giselle,* Act 2), but the others, mostly light comedies, go down equally well with most audiences. A surprising development is the creation in recent years of three full-length ballets based on traditional pantomimes, *Aladdin, Dick Whittington, Cinderella,* which are as well received by their far-flung audiences as the full-length works shown in other English dance theatres.

All this work has been carried out by a company of nine dancers, of whom more than half have been in since the start ; they have to be able to stand the constant travelling, the ever-changing digs and dressing rooms, the necessity to be able to go on and dance any part in any ballet. Two big facts have supported the company's work throughout ; first, there is an audience everywhere if companies will trouble to find it, and second, the idea of "Ballet" as girls dancing in long, filmy dresses is firmly rooted everywhere : a programme means nothing if it does not include a "Sylphides" — or a new ballet to romantic music, with a similar kind of choreography and costuming.

Given the conditions under which this company works, as compared with the larger companies always dancing in true theatres with stage staffs, ample lighting, etc., the ballets are of a professional standard and the dancing is lively, thoroughly competent and well projected. No group of dancers that I know of could continuously give better interpretations, on these cramped stages, than this group of fine pioneers. Kathleen Gray, Margaret Cameron, Suzanne Sarova, Joy Fisher, Francesca Tansley, Susan Haxton, together with Edward Gaillard, Harold Foster, George Reid, constitute a ballet company which is worthy of all the good fortune that it can find. It provides ample work for a group of professional dancers, it (somehow) contrives to pay its way, it has brought ballet of no mean quality into the experience of thousands of people otherwise unreached. But there are other lessons to be learned from this adventure, and other aspirations arising from these six years of hard experience, which must wait for discussion until later.

ON THE STAGE : Edward Gaillard and Kathleen Gray in the pas de deux *from the second act of* Le Lac des Cygnes, *a condensed version of which is in their regular repertory.*

BALLET PERSPECTIVES: Ondine

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all the famous Russian ballerinas. On September 20, 1892, Marius Petipa revised Perrot's ballet (producing what Slonimsky, in his monograph on Petipa, sinisterly calls "many new numbers and general revision") at the Maryinsky with Varvara Nikitina — who had danced Perrot's version eight years previously — in the principal rôle. According to Ivor Guest, it was revised a second time in 1903 by Alexandre Shiriayev after Petipa's plan, when it was given with a cast including Pavlova, Trefilova and Sergei Legat. This must have been the last surviving fragment of Perrot's *Ondine,* and the ballet, which appears not to have interested Gorsky, was never carried over into the Soviet repertory.

The taste for *ballet d'action* underwent a sad decline in London towards the end of the 1840s, which was emphasised by the departure of Perrot in the middle of 1848. Ballet historians have always been overconcerned at why Perrot left the Paris Opéra, but no one seems to have enquired why he later left London. A number of possibilities present themselves. It may be that he had the opportunity to return to the Paris Opéra. He certainly did go back there for a brief stay in 1849, and if we are to accept — as many historians do — that Perrot's career was one long frustration at being neglected by Paris, then such a chance might have been too good to have missed. But "Perrot's desire for Paris" seems to have been built up on pretty flimsy foundations — principally Charles de Boigne's remark in his memoirs that : "For a year's stay at the Opéra, he (Perrot) would have sold himself to the devil."

According to George Chaffee's intelligently argued conjecture (in a long *Epilegomena* to Slonimsky's *Dance Index* monograph) Perrot had been invited back to Paris in 1847, on the bankruptcy of Léon Pillet, then director of the Opéra. But Perrot turned up in London for the 1848 season, and when that ended he went not to Paris but St. Petersburg, on an engagement as a dancer but not a ballet-master, even though he did, with the assistance of Marius Petipa, stage *Esmeralda.* In 1849 he returned to Paris and, at last, the Opéra, where he produced his one and only "official" ballet there on October 8, 1849. Yet he lost little time in going back to St. Petersburg, where presumably he had been offered the permanent position of ballet-master.

But it does not seem as though Perrot left England in 1848 to go anywhere in particular, but because of his discontent with conditions in London. It is worth noting that not only were Perrot's last seasons with Lumley devoted to the productions of mere divertissements, but one of his very last major ballets, *Faust,* was produced not for Lumley but at La Scala, Milan, on February 12, 1848, before the London season. Did Lumley refuse either to produce or revive *Faust* for London ? Furthermore, what was Perrot's position vis-à-vis Paul Taglioni (Marie's brother and a talented choreographer) who was taken on by Lumley in 1847 ? Did Taglioni arrive because Perrot, tiring of producing mere *divertissements,* had grown difficult to handle, or did Perrot become disinterested, even offended, because of the contract Lumley gave to Taglioni ? Or was it merely money—a touchy question with Perrot—and Lumley, in the face of ballet's waning popularity might well have been unable to pay Perrot what he wanted, and therefore turned to the cheaper Taglioni

Curiously enough Taglioni's first ballet in 1847 was *Ondine* — and this time it really was Ondine based quite faithfully on Fouqué's original story, but ironically because Perrot's ballet was still in the repertory it had to be called *Coralia, or the Inconstant Knight.*

The ballet, as described by Beaumont, opens with the tournament at which Hildebrand meets Bertha, who gives him a magic scarf and asks in return to enter the "enchanted forest." In the forest he comes across a poor fisherman's hut and meets his foster-daughter, Coralia — who is, in fact, an ondine and niece of Troisondin, the King of the Waters. Coralia playfully runs off, and when a storm arises, Hildebrand and the fishermen set off to find her. At last the Knight finds her on a bed of leaves in the middle of a lake and rescues her. Hildebrand and Coralia get married, and the Knight takes his bride back with him to the court. Bertha is furious with Hildebrand, the more so when Coralia's fosterparents arrive to claim Bertha as their own child, which they lost when the ondine-changeling Coralia was given to them by Troisondin. Bertha treats her newly-found parents with such contempt that her foster-father, the Duke, rejects her. Coralia pitying her rival persuades Hildebrand to take her with them to Hildebrand's castle. Once there the former love between Hildebrand and Bertha revives, and Coralia renounces the marriage, becomes once more an ondine, and is transformed into a fountain. Troisondin drags off the faithless Sir Hildebrand to his death.

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This appears to have been a revival of the ballet — mentioned earlier — which Taglioni produced in Berlin in 1836, although it had a new score by the ever-obliging Pugni. With scenery by Charles Marshall — Grieves' successor at the theatre — the ballet served to introduce a new ballerina to London audiences, Carolina Rosati. The ballet was also notable for the début of the choreographer's daughter, Marie Taglioni the younger.

Taglioni had gone to some pains to reproduce Fouqué's story, although many of the episodes were condensed or transposed, and Fouqué's poetic ending discarded for something more melodramatic. The ballet was only moderately well received, although the dancers and Marshall's setting came in for a good deal of praise. It was revived the following season, but then dropped for good

There have been various other *Ondine* ballets — Saint-Léon staged it for Cerrito here and there, although presumably this was a revival of Perrot's version In his *Ballet Annual* article, Guest has also listed a number of other *Ondines,* including Cortesi's *Ondina* produced at Verona in 1850 with Amelia Ferraris, to music by Giaquinto and Viviani, and a production by the Royal Swedish Ballet of *Undine,* with choreography by Richard Hennelberg, first produced in 1890 and revived 20 years later. Guest also mentions a production by Alexander Genée in Stettin in 1893, with his niece, Adeline Genée, in the title rôle. However when, in the same year as the *Ballet Annual* article, Guest published his biography of Dame Adeline, he made no mention of this *Undine.*

The only other *Ondine* to have been unearthed (or perhaps fished up) by Guest, or, I believe, Lillian Moore, is the recent production by William Dollar, produced by New York City Ballet on December 9, 1949. The ballet followed Perrot's scenario and Ondine was danced by Tanaquil LeClercq, Matteo by Francisco Moncion, Giannina by Melissa Hayden, and Hydrola by Yvonne Mounsey. The music used was not the original Pugni but violin concertos by Vivaldi, while the décor and costumes were by Horace Armistead. The ballet was a failure.

Next month Frederick Ashton's production of Ondine **will be discussed in full.**

Dance and Dancers . . . AT HOME

THE ROYAL BALLET

at the Streatham Hill Theatre

MOST of the events of the Royal Ballet's "suburban" season in September were recorded last month, but just to keep the record straight, mention should be made of Merle Park and Brian Shaw in the *Don Quixote Pas de Deux,* which they danced for the first time at Golders Green. I saw them at Streatham Hill on October 8 and enjoyed their performance immensely. Park's pseudo-Spanish caprice was exhilaratingly brilliant. In a demonstration of immense charm and vitality, the dear old Minkus music became vividly alive. Shaw made her the perfect partner because they dance the same language with refined but exuberant musicality. Shaw, elegantly costumed, also gave an exceptionally stylish solo.

At the same time performance the final *divertissement* from *The Prince of the Pagodas* was notable, apart from suave performances from Blair and Beriosova, for a newish *Pas de Six* with Merle Park, Shirley Grahame, Doreen Wells, Keith Rosson, Derek Rencher and Richard Farley. Rosson, dancing Gary Burne's solo, made a fine impression with some excellently controlled jumps.

C. B.

THE ROYAL BALLET
at Covent Garden

Park as Swanilda

IT has long been established that *Coppélia* shall be the first big test-piece for all dancers pigeon-holed for possible ballerina status. Merle Park, who has already given some pleasing performances as Swanilda, showed that where before she was primarily a promising soloist, she is now that and so much more. Two strong impressions remain.

Firstly, she is enormously confident, and in both her acting and mime, in which, incidentally, she is often strikingly original, she has become very convincing indeed. Her essential niceness is an asset and I was hoping she would even refuse, being no gold-digger, the Duke's gift of a purse of gold in the last act. Her eyes are mischievous and bright, and throughout she is cheerful and spontaneous, rather than intoxicatingly or clinically gay. For once, too, we were aware of Swanilda's love and concern for Franz, and for once Swanilda seemed to belong to a country village.

Secondly, her dancing has become more attractive. In the early part of Act I it tended to be itchy and too sharply phrased — emphatic little "Russian" flicks of the wrist, and, well held, but staccato *arabesques.*. However, it would be hard to cavil at her dancing in the rest of the work, which was almost as warm as her smile and tension free.

Gary Burne's Franz is even more devastating in conception, though a mixture of disparate elements held together miraculously by his exuberant and strong personality. Striding about the stage in baggy tights and planting one foot on Swanilda's stairs Western fashion, swaggering and kissing almost every hand he could grasp, elegant and very much the King of the Dandies, and fluttering luxuriant eyelashes so prolifically that I felt the musicians had to grip their scores because of the draught. I hope he sticks to this present interpretation. With such a striking and ingratiating temperament he could make a fortune in intimate revue.

His partnering was very satisfactory, and his solos, in which his *batterie* was notable, were well danced. In fact, he looked a far better all-round dancer now that he is not so intent on sacrificing everything to show off elevation.

Leslie Edwards, now adorned with a fierce Caligari eye make-up, has given better interpretations of Coppélius. And if he is going to chug about the stage blinking near-sightedly and looking exactly like Mr. Magoo, he should be supplied with a nephew. The passage in which he captures Franz and beats him with relish came close to being the highlight of the evening — resonant little slaps suggesting a butcher patting a succulent steak.

With Swanilda's six friends we have now lost all sight of individuals. They fell into fantastically straight lines and mimed in unison, implying that there may even be a martinet back-stage. Shirley Grahame danced the "Dawn" solo extremely well, but finished it a little low on strength. Finally, a plea must be registered for a revision of the "Prayer" solo. Countless dancers have now cranked their legs into the *arabesques penchées* with varying degrees of toppling and wobbling, but how many have made it rewarding?

E. C. M.

Sibley in full-length Rôle

AS I can foresee Ivor Guest's great grandson having some difficulty in sorting out just when Antoinette Sibley gave her *first* performance of Odette/Odile in *Swan Lake,* let us get the facts straight and simple. Sibley's first performance, partnered by Michael Somes, was at the Golders Green Hippodrome on the afternoon of September 26. This début was planned, announced and, of course, properly rehearsed. Whatever the young Guest may read to the contrary she did *not* first dance the rôle at 12 hours' notice. Later she should have appeared with the touring Royal Ballet in Liverpool, where she was to have been partnered by Bryan Ashbridge. However, Nadia Nerina was unable to dance at the matinée of October 10 at the Streatham Hill Theatre, so Sibley, partnered by Ashbridge, took her place. The Royal Ballet season opened at Covent Garden on October 18 with Nerina scheduled to make her first appearance of the season on the evening of October 24 as Odette/Odile. Unexpectedly Nerina had not recovered in time for this performance and Sibley (yes, at 12 hours' notice) took her place, partnered by Michael Somes and enough press publicity to launch a small battleship.

Her first two performances were both astonishingly successful, but it is on her third that I propose to write. The atmosphere at both the first and the third performances was, to put it mildly, high-tensioned. It seemed as though about half of London's influential ballet audience (the trend-setters, the pace-makers, the people whose opinions count more than either the management or critics ever imagine) had turned up to sit, or stand, in judgment. Expectations ran impossibly high, and for Sibley to have satisfied her most fervent admirers all she had to do was to be just a little better — not much, mark you — than Fonteyn! She wasn't. I mention this because for every one person I spoke to who was delighted by Sibley's performance, I found about two who were "just slightly disappointed". At the moment the Royal Ballet has a group of quite fantastically gifted and promising young dancers, but let us keep a sense of proportion about it and not expect them to work miracles.

By any standards you care to name, Sibley's performance at Covent Garden was distinguished and wonderful. It more than fulfilled every possible hope and the Royal Ballet in general, Michael Somes, who coached her in the part, in particular, and Sibley herself, have every right to be proud and happy.

From her very first entrance it was quite clear that she was mistress of the occasion. The grave and serene melancholy of her Odette proved touchingly apt, while her beautifully proportioned dancing had, strangely enough, the simplicity of experience. The *pas de deux* with Somes had a fresh, youthful magic, and her solo variation was exquisitely phrased. Her exit in this act had a touch of tragedy that perhaps no

TWO AURORAS: Two dancers of the Royal Ballet's touring company who have been dancing the Princess Aurora rôle in the "new" version of The Sleeping Beauty. *Left is Susan Alexander in the first act in John Cowan's picture. Right is Lynn Seymour in the third act in Dominic's picture.*

one else, except Elvin, has ever caught at Covent Garden. What she missed was the individuality of perfection; it was a ballerina performance without a ballerina signature.

Sibley's black act provided a surprise. Her lyrical Odette was predictable, her Odile was a venture into unknown territory. Most dancers sharply differentiate between the two, staking all on bravura effect and trusting that the audience won't notice what bad eyesight Siegfried must have to be taken in by so obvious an impostor. Sibley's Odette and Odile appeared to be as closely related as two halves of an apple. They were essentially companion portraits and whether this was by accident or design it was effective. Perhaps the strong connecting bond between the two was Sibley's musicality and economy of movement. This Odile had a warm brilliance in place of a cold glitter (school of Beriosova, if you like, rather than Fonteyn and Nerina), and although the *fouéttes* needed more precision, these were off-set by some balances as breath-catching as Fonteyn's. And, just as in the earlier act, she pulled off a strikingly original exit, when her sudden burst of fiendish mockery instantly revealed an acting talent I had not previously suspected. (Incidentally, this exit was not a one-night fluke, for it had been notable on both previous occasions.)

Her last act, all tears and heroism, probably came closest to what we ought to be able to expect from her in years to come. Here, helped by the more compelling narrative, Sibley was able to project Ivanov's image of the swan queen with far greater clarity than in the earlier white act. As a general comment, I feel that her dancing could have done with more elevation in places. In many ways she reminded me of the last performances Elaine Fifield gave with the company; there was the same muted elegance, lack of affectation and apparently conscious refusal to overproject. It was a quite marvellous début, in which John Lanchbery's sensitive conducting made a significant contribution. Now we must wait to see what happens next.

Somes, standing in the background with proud reticence, was superb. I have never admired him more.

C. B.

General Diversions

THE ballet season opened on October 18 with an only mildly depressing performance of *Les Patineurs*. Brian Shaw, not quite at his best, was nevertheless in fair form as the Blue Skater, but most of the rest of the cast looked as though they had been left a little too long in a deep freeze. Annette Page, however, was fine as the second Blue Girl, but while Debra Wayne makes a gallant attempt at the first Blue Girl's nearly stationary *fouettés* they still lack sufficient *éclat*. The trouble is that after "La Rowena" in this, everyone else looks a little bit clumsy.

While excuses can be made for the rest of the cast (an opening ballet before a première never finds a company at its best), no excuses at all can be allowed for the fumbling performances given by Antoinette Sibley and Ronald Hynd as the White Skaters. Apparently unsure of both themselves and the choreography they gave as ineffectual a performance of this *pas de deux* as I can imagine. Just think of a foreigner, having been told that they are two of Britain's finest young dancers, seeing them for the first time!

Later in the week *Les Patineurs* went a good deal better, with Peter Clegg perkily bright as the Blue Boy, and the *corps de ballet* dancing with much more life. Shirley Grahame took Page's place as one of the Blue Girls, and danced with ample *brio*, but am I right in thinking that she has a weak ankle? She has had one or two slight slips from point in recent weeks, which could suggest that it needs medical attention. The White Skaters on this occasion were Merle Park and Donald MacLeary (who, incidentally, has just been promoted to princi-

pal), and everything went as merrily as a sleigh bell. I did not, however, care for the final swing being done on the front part of the stage — it was an improvement when it was transported to the rear stage a few seasons ago, and should be kept there.

Both programmes — which had *Antigone* as the filling for the sandwich — ended with *Pineapple Poll*. These performances were preferable to the first ones I saw this company give in the suburbs last month, and the whole company seems to be getting the hang of this *ballet boufle* much more securely. This also goes for the principals, with both the alternative casts showing an improvement, especially perhaps Doreen Wells as Poll. Her dancing at Covent Garden proved markedly steadier, and her hoydenish high spirits seemed far less exaggerated in the larger house. Seeing the ballet at Covent Garden made me feel that Cranko would have done well to have added two extra couples to the *corps de ballet*. This, in fact, he did once do — for the Theatre Ballet's American tour in 1952 — yet when the company returned to Rosebery Avenue the sixteen dancers looked too cramped on the Sadler's Wells stage. But this would not be so at Covent Garden.

Having missed Ashton's *Ondine* during the company's summer season I had not previously seen the changes Ashton then made in it. Seeing it once more on November 7, my first impression was that absence had not made my heart grow warmer towards Henze's music ; it is still the blot on what could otherwise have been a splendid escutcheon. Ashton has made a number of titivating improvements throughout, but perhaps the most notable are to the staging of the second act, and the structure of the *Grand Pas Classique*. The second act seascape has been made to look a good deal more convincingly maritime, merely by having the backcloth move up and down in addition to the already moving front row of waves. As a result the waves roll and the breakers break with infinitely more animation. If things go on like this the programme sellers will have to start selling sea-sickness pills in addition to their out of date copies of souvenir programmes.

In the *Grand Pas* Ashton has taken out both the *pas de deux* for the two *coryphées*, to find music for Berta to dance a variation, and similarly the male *ensemble* has also been cut to give Palemon a chance to shine. Unfortunately the choreography of both dances is not entirely satisfactory. Berta's solo, hanging on to her skirt in a gesture of ineffable daintiness, seems a singularly pallid party piece. A new costume followed by some choreographic re-thinking might help here. Palemon's solo, though, like Berta's, musical, is too long for one dancer to sustain. Perhaps the solution would be to let Palemon lead an *ensemble* dance with the rest of the boys. The ballet was excellently danced ; even better than on its first production.

C. B.

THE ROYAL BALLET
Touring Company

The "Beauty" in Sheffield

THE itinerant section of the Royal Ballet has recently been dancing *The Sleeping Beauty* in the Provinces. One can hardly consider it as a new production as the Royal Ballet is indivisible except for the purposes of touring, and this production with its Oliver Messel scenery and costumes has been in the Royal Ballet repertory since 1946. So it is perhaps best regarded as the biggest cast change in the history of the company, an occasion when it just so happened that the entire cast, with one or two exceptions, were dancers appearing in their rôles for the first time.

I caught up with this "mammoth cast change" in Sheffield where the company was appearing at the comparatively tiny Lyceum Theatre. This was apparently the smallest stage on which they had to dance during the whole season, and it was admittedly rather too small for *The Sleeping Beauty* production. The management's difficulties were also increased by a dangerously high number of dancers on the sick list, which naturally made a marked effect on a production that stretches the company to its limit even when it is at full strength. (If it is intended to tour around full-length classics in this way, I cannot but feel that an extra ten or so dancers should be regarded as essential, if only as a protection against the kind of situation that I came across in Sheffield.)

I was gratifyingly surprised at the quality of the two performances I saw, good efforts by any standards ; in the prevailing circumstances they were wonderful. However, before particularising, I feel I must make two all-important basic points.

My first point is that the full-length classics were intended to be produced in an opera house, in the conditions which *only* an opera house can provide, and with resources that *only* an opera house can possess. In this context by opera house I mean a large permanent company in a large permanent place with large permanent equipment. I hate having to sound dogmatic, but in my opinion to produce these ballets in any other circumstances cannot result in anything but a travesty of their true nature. Furthermore, I am unable to feel a great deal of respect for an artistic policy which appears to an outsider to be governed by the principle of giving the public what it wants — such a course can hardly be called a policy, it is a mere expediency.

Secondly there is the question of whether touring in such productions give the young dancers the proper opportunities for development, and even health. It might be thought that an ordinary member of the public has no right to comment on this aspect of the matter, consequently I will confine myself to a quotation from a writer with vastly more experience than myself. In 1937 this writer said : "Those who think the ballet company faced with two performances per week and occasional opera-ballets spells hours of relaxation are greatly mistaken. It is nothing like the hard work experienced by repertory companies working every night and continually travelling, but it is normal hard work, about as much as any young artist should be permitted to take on when faced with the necessity of continual progress and endeavouring to find special time for extra study. Under more stringent circumstances the fulfilment of such an important necessity is out of the question." The writer was, of course, Dame Ninette de Valois. If there are — as there may be — policy reasons which explain either or both of the points I have raised, *Dance and Dancers* will be very glad to print them. Perhaps dancers are tougher now than they were 22 years ago, perhaps the repertory has not been chosen because Tchaikovsky ballets are always popular, but rather because the management sincerely believe that even inferior, small-scale versions of these Maryinsky classics are better and more significant than the best one-act ballets of Ashton, Howard, Cranko and MacMillan, even though the latter are clearly more suited for provincial repertory. We should be very interested to know — and print — some of these answers.

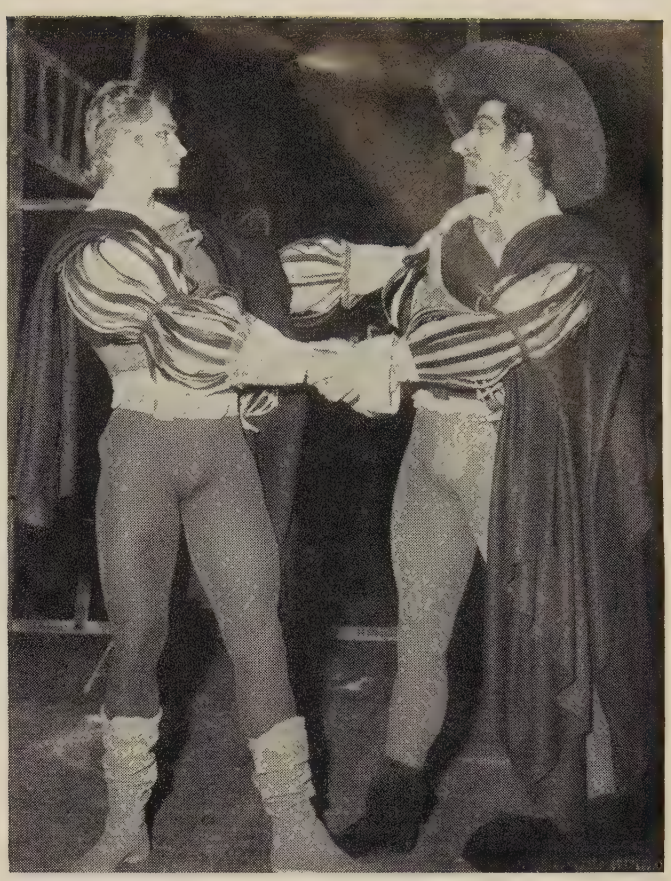
The whole "new" production proved to be a valiant battle against impossible odds. Oliver Messel's old décor has been hacked down to size, and as it no longer can possibly create the effects the designer intended, it would certainly be kinder to remove his name from the programme. On the other hand the costumes still look quite good and the ballet still retains a surprisingly opulent air. The cast has been cut down nearly as far as the scenery, but even if there were more dancers available, you could not have got them comfortably on to the stage. The only major casualty is the omission of the Crystal Fountain fairy and her cavalier (I wonder why?), and elsewhere the cast is a bit thin on the ground — for example there were no knitting women and only eight Garland dancers, while the Peasants in Act 2 had obviously revolted.

So far as the actual staging is concerned, it makes two major departures from the Covent Garden version. The first is to have Carabosse played by a woman and also to make her appear in the first scene of the last act. This return to the Maryinsky original was, I think, possibly to fill in time that would normally have been taken by a transformation scene, but proved extremely apt. The second innovation was — wonder of wonders — the exit of the huntsmen in Act 2. After 13 years the Royal Ballet has at last got around to having the huntsmen go off in pursuit of the sighted boar, instead of scurrying away in the opposite direction, and the fact that this inconsistency had been pointed out in these pages on a number of occasions during the past 10 years makes us only the more glad to see it rectified. Who says the Royal Ballet cannot listen to constructive criticism? The lighting was consistently horrible, particularly in the second act where unscheduled lighting cues and an unseductive vision of Aurora effectively destroyed a fairy tale atmosphere that was never too sure of itself in the first place. The transformation scene in Act 1 was sketched in with just a drop curtain !

The general level of dancing was quite good, but the acting on the whole lacked weight and authority. The bearing of the dancers only too often betrayed their inexperience, and some of the all-important "minor" parts were frighteningly bad.

I saw two pairs dance Aurora and Florimund, Susan Alexander with Desmond Doyle at the Wednesday matinée, and Annette Page and Ronald Hynd in the evening. The newcomer to the rôle, Alexander, gave the best performance I have ever seen from her. In general her dancing seems improved around the arms and shoulders, although she still needs to watch her fingers with some care. In the first act she appeared to be, surprisingly, too assured, giving the appearance of having been meeting princely suitors for abso-*loot*-ly years. She was perfectly secure in the Rose Adagio, raised her arms well in the *promenade*, and took the first *pirouette* of the rose-gathering unsupported. Her turns were good throughout, and her variation proved exceptionally neatly timed. Her *ecartés* on her last entry were, apart from Nerina's, the best I've ever seen — a sudden marvellous moment of pure dancing that would have made the journey to Sheffield worthwhile by itself. Her mime in the spindle scene was poor and affected, and her characterisation throughout was generally weak.

Alexander was also good in the Vision Scene, but not so effective as in the first act. She was far too much flesh-and-blood and peaches-and-cream. The last act *pas de deux* was strongly danced and given a stunning end, when Alexander took up a wonderful *arabesque*, held it for slightly less



VISITORS TO LONDON: Left, a member of the Georgian State Dance Company who are now appearing with such success at the Royal Albert Hall. Right, George Reich, as Christian, and Roland Petit, as Cyrano, in Petit's full-length ballet, Cyrano de Bergerac, *now at the Adelphi Theatre. Both companies will be reviewed in full next month.*

than five minutes, and was then whipped up by her partner, caught with *one* hand and flashed into the final fish-dive. She danced an accurate variation but showed a tendency to simper. Characterisation was once again inadequate, and not for one moment did she give an impression of the dedication of a young princess approaching marriage. Aurora is a rôle that appears to suit her far better than either Giselle or Swanilda, but at the moment — and these are very early days — she seems to be able to add no interpretation on to that basic suitability.

Alexander was extremely fortunate in her partner, Desmond Doyle, who had, and I'm sorry about the cliché, improved out of all recognition. His actual partnering was unreservedly splendid, and his bearing manly and assured. In manner he reminded me somewhat of the Bolshoi dancer Boris Khokhlov, smiling with an open-hearted frankness, and yet perhaps a little short of the blue blood of aristocracy. It would be over-flattering to suggest that Doyle's dancing was of Khokhlov's standard, yet it was clean, strong and well-projected. In total it was a performance full of 100% masculine charm, and on the strength of this one showing it looks as though Doyle will be an acquisition to the ranks of the Royal Ballet's *premier danseurs.*

The five Fairies, Elaine Thomas, Joan Blakeney, Audrey Farriss, Pamela Moncur and Barbara Remington, in order of appearance, were not, in fairness, an especially distinguished christening party. Remington, the new Lilac Fairy, showed a good flow but indifferent footwork. Although her arms tended to be gauche in *allegro,* they were more attractive in slower movements. Her dancing and manner lacked the authority of a Lilac Fairy, but she is, as yet, very inexperienced. Ian Hamilton looked promising among the cavaliers.

Audrey Farriss was crisp but perhaps a little hard in the Bluebird *pas de deux* — yet this is partly the fault of the production, which sees this dance as a brace of Bluebirds rather than the "Bluebird and the enchanted princess Florisse" which Petipa intended. Michael Boulton, her partner, looked as if he needed to lose a little weight, but was dancing well with exceptionally brilliant *tours en l'air.* The Three Ivans were given in lively fashion by Terry Westmoreland, Michael Coleman and Alan Alder. In the Florestan *pas de trois* Robert Mead did much to confirm his, at times, almost startling promise as a classical dancer — his leaps for example were excitingly elegant — but it was a far from perfect performance, and his *pirouettes* were notably unsteady. In the evening Simon Mottram gave a good, all-round performance of the same rôle.

The evening should have brought many cast changes, but these were thwarted by the length of the sick-list, and the cast was practically the same as in the afternoon. Aurora and Florimund were danced by Page and Hynd, who were both on top form and completely lived up to the initial promise of their first performance at Covent Garden earlier in the year. Both had improved and matured in their parts, and Hynd's former hesitancy in partnering had completely disappeared. In fact — and this might be taken as some justification for the whole venture — Sheffield saw here the two principal rôles danced in a manner fully up to Covent Garden standards. (The rôle of Aurora has now, incidentally, also been danced by Lynn Seymour.)

I have left till last Margaret Hill's interpretation of Carabosse. This is the first time the part has been entrusted to a woman in the Royal Ballet. Although it is today danced by a woman in Soviet Russia, and Carlotta Brianza herself appeared in it for Diaghilev, the rôle was created by Enrico Cecchetti. At the moment I am not quite certain that giving it to a woman is a particularly good idea, but if a woman is to dance it, I think that the general characterisation and choreography of Carabosse will need to be rather more altered than it has been so far.

With a "male" Carabosse obviously the part must be made into a grotesque old hag, but when you have a woman in it, it seems possible that a lot could be gained by making her malignantly beautiful, a jealously sinister witch rather than a cantankerous old crone. It seemed that Hill was possibly tending towards this style of interpretation, but the production is at the moment against it, and consequently she made nothing like the impression one would expect an actress of her calibre to achieve. **C. B.**

TELEVISION

PINEAPPLE POLL

Presented by the Royal Ballet on BBC Television on November 1. Choreography, John Cranko. Designed by Osbert Lancaster. Producer, Margaret Dale.

Pineapple Poll ..... MERLE PARK
Jasper, Pot Boy at "The Steam Packet" ... STANLEY HOLDEN
Captain Belaye, of H.M.S. Hot Cross Bun ..... DAVID BLAIR
Blanche, his Fiancée...BRENDA TAYLOR
Mrs. Dimple, her Aunt ... GERD LARSEN

WASN'T that a splendid production of *Pineapple Poll*! The personal poll

which I sometimes conduct after programmes brought unanimously flattering praise instead of the customary threatening abuse, and I predict that the BBC's Audience Research Department will have had equally enthusiastic comments from their larger cross-section of guinea-pigs. Although I would never want to make the BBC smug or pompous, or drive it back into ineptitude, I'd even risk saying that it was one of the best televised ballet programmes so far transmitted.

Much to the point was not so much Margaret Dale's skilful and attentive production, but the performances of the three principals. Each characterisation was plausible, and, more important, each dancer looked persistently at complete ease. Although he danced buoyantly and vigorously, Blair, if anyone, had the most difficult task, and was infinitely less effective than his stage self. Encumbered by lighting which seemed to be all from overhead, his peaked cap appeared to engulf him, throwing a shadow over most of his face so that his features could not be seen in anything but his few closest close-ups. Thus one never felt that the havoc he created among the Sweethearts, Wives, etc., was really justified on this occasion.

While his performance appeared to be just a rough sketch, Stanley Holden's was a great deal more. His Jasper was nicely colloquial, and genuinely touching in his adolescent emotions and reaction to thwarted love. Pity was prompted without the need to resort to either self-pity or burlesque, and both he and Merle Park were completely dimensional characters.

It is harder to pin down the real source of Merle Park's success. Very likely her greatest asset was that she looked the part, and also had at her command a certain boisterous efficiency and charm, the latter being more effective than wit in this work. I do not think she could have made Poll more entertaining without running the risk of clowning the others off the screen.

There were not so long ago numerous occasions when the impact of television on a well-known ballet proved lethal. It is important not to forget the obvious — that almost all ballets televised have not been created for the multi-viewing approach of the camera. Naturally one expects a producer to have enough expertise so as not to have to film a ballet as a stage performance. A certain amount of editing and adaptation is essential, generally to clarify the plot if the work in question has one, close-ups should be used to heighten drama and stress relevant detail, and changes of angle to accentuate important features of the choreography which may get lost in complete *ensemble* long-distance treatment.

Margaret Dale's direction seems to have matured quite remarkably. At one time I thought she had an *idée fixe* about gimmicks and trick effects. In this production of *Poll*, however, the ballet was not hacked about to show viewers just what ingenious feats of electronics technicians could provide. Television adapted itself instead, the choreographer's original work was respected, and treated sympathetically. The changes, though minor, were all intelligent and helpful to the viewer.

Admittedly this particular ballet takes on a fresh appearance when not seen in colour. Some of the costumes looked quite different: for example, the girls' chocolate skirts appeared black. The wharf set looked a bit drab, in for a storm and Glasgowish with muddy ground. The effects added — spiked railings, the girls opening windows to welcome the crew, the actual bar of "The Steam Packet", and the tipsy statue of some admiral — were all appropriate.

But could all the major points, the twists and incredible incidents of the plot, be followed by a viewer who had not studied the synopsis in the *Radio Times*? Strictly speaking, I'm not so sure that they could. In distance shots as they boarded the ship few would have detected the girls as disguised as sailors. I had qualms about the cannon. Its mouth came into vision so late that it looked as though something was being hauled from over the side. But Margaret Dale must have been hypnotised by Gerd Larsen's vivid portrait of the old compulsive talker, for she received such preferential treatment in close-ups that Blanche hardly appeared.

Being shot from fresh angles, the sailors' drill scene looked vastly more effective. The crew's return to the ship was one of the few flat spots and it seemed uncertain in *ensemble* direction, but the scene in which the angry couples chase each other backwards and forwards diagonally in *grands jetés*, shaking fists and playing tug-of-war, came over brilliantly.

The finale was sensibly transferred to land, and the programme ended with a delightful collection of nautical vignettes, presumably unearthed by Osbert Lancaster, to support the credits. **E. C. M.**

NEW BOOKS

continued from page 25

examination of the Royal Ballet School's activities and history — she has also attempted a survey of the history of ballet schools in other key countries — France, Italy and the Soviet Union. Denmark has been ignored. The treatment is of necessity cursory. The canvas is too wide for a book of approximately 140 pages of text, of which a mere 84 pages are allotted to the school itself.

Prospective pupils are subjected to a medical examination by an orthopaedic surgeon and only those girls who conform — those who have long legs, strong well-formed feet, are not too short or too tall, or do not have tall parents — are accepted. Too much uniformity may make for dull, machine-like dancers and, for a moment, I thought the author had plucked up courage to utter a note of criticism. She admits that when she saw the Royal Ballet's second eleven (whatever that may be) in *The Sleeping Beauty* the girls "one and all" looked sadly alike, and her American guest asked if the same girl was dancing the rôles of the Lilac Fairy and the Blue Bird. But a page or two later she goes into reverse. The orthopaedic surgeon is no longer enough. I.Q. tests are advocated and they shall be filed for the future with additional reports from a phrenologist and perhaps a psycho-analyst!

It is not Noel Streatfeild's fault that statistics have not been made available. These would have certainly made the work more interesting and allowed us to measure something of the success of the Royal Ballet's selection methods. Nevertheless, she is so distressed by the absence of statistics that I felt like running out into the fog in quest of some dancers to measure.

Although she has gathered some interesting facts, her distinguished subject remains very much the institution and never emerges with any personality of its own. At times she even gives the impression that she finds it a little hard to share her own enthusiasm. **H. C.**

The Art of Gesture

Teaching Mime, by Rose Bruford (Methuen, 15*s.*).

IT would be a pity if the effusive foreword which is followed by a verse dedication by Masefield, containing such couplets as:

"By which the happy learners won the power
To give the saddest heart a jolly hour,"

should make the reader close the book up there, then and forever. For it is, in fact, a most useful technical handbook, although not as inspiring as the same publisher's fine historical work, Irene Mawer's *Art of Mime.*

It should serve as a valuable starting point for those teachers of ballet who prepare occasional recitals. The mime is invariably the weakest feature in amateur ballet recitals, when one feels that it could or should be the strongest. Many practical exercises covering activities, moods, situations and characters are suggested, although some of these, especially those which ask the pupil to be an ancient moss-covered wall or a blade of grass, would seem perhaps too elusive to depict with any certainty that an audience would recognise them.

The author's aims are twofold: to deal with mime as a useful part of the education of children, and as a vital part of theatrical training. In the first case, she is successful, for she writes with enthusiasm and no mean understanding of the principles of training children and stimulating their imagination.

Although there are good chapters on the Commédia dell'Arte, traditional gesture, movement in period costume and crowd work, she hardly comes near achieving her second object. She is generally vague concerning the theatrical possibilities of mime, and even vaguer about whatever basic physical technique and training she considers to be necessary. No reference is made to Marcel Marceau or the famous mimes of ballet and cinema. Moreover, such remarks as: "For those who know it, Greek dance would provide a good basic movement, and so would the best form of modern dance," give one the impression that she is dubious about the value of dance training. **E. C. M.**

Folk Dance from everywhere

Folk Dances in Labanotation, by Lucy Venable and Fred Berk. (Witmark, New York, $1.50.)

LUCY VENABLE was a member of the José Limon company which visited Britain in 1957: Fred Berk is an authority on folk-dance and the director of a small company in America. Between them, they have compiled a helpful little book which records ten examples of simple Israeli, Russian, Serbian, Austrian, Scottish, Danish, Greek and Norwegian dances. Because of the numerous repetition of familiar patterns, folk-dance lends itself ideally to economical reproduction in notation. Here, however, the notation has been confined to foot patterns and leg gestures. The work serves a double purpose. As no knowledge of notation is presupposed, the introductory pages serve to give a clearly written, well illustrated, adequate but basic, explanation of the Laban system.

FRANCE

MRINALINI SARABHAI

ON September 28 the Théâtre des Champs Elysées reopened under the sign of Krishna. After the recent disappointments caused by the vulgarity of Mlle Vijayanthimala's exhibition and the naïvety of the Indian National Theatre from Bombay at the Théâtre des Nations, it was pleasant to find an artist as refined and as authentic as Mrinalini Sarabhai. Admirably supported by Chattuni Pannikar, she succeeded in reconciling the Kathakali and Bharata-Natyam styles with both the demands of contemporary theatre and the Western public. With exquisite taste, a telling sense of detail and great subtlety, she has managed to bring in some daring innovations, while still paying due respect to the ancestral traditions. This brings her to the very forefront of a mysterious and attractive art.

When the curtain rises we are shown the rites which precede a performance : limbering-up exercises, elaborate coiffure and careful make-up. Then, with the greeting to the public begins a spectacle which is presented as a prayer and as an offering. In this sacred climate, it starts with *Krishna Leela,* in which Chattuni Pannikar, the noted Kathakali dancer, is outstanding.

Mrinalini Sarabhai draws her inspirations from the same source and brings melancholy grace to the item *Gita Govinda,* while the *Adventures of Yasovarman,* who is saved by the Golden Bird, is purely fairy-tale magic. Folklore is pleasantly represented by *Ras,* a charming native dance from Gujarat, from whence come the *danses de batons,* which seem to be fundamental to all folklore. Finally, the abstract element is provided by *Tillana,* and, above all, in *Percussion,* a choreographic experiment which is as attractive as it is original.

The costumes are in harmonious shades and blend richness with sobriety and elegance. In conclusion, one's only regret is that the programme ran for only a week and on too large a stage. Different surroundings would be more advantageous to a repeat performance, which, one hopes, will not be far hence.

"PATRON"

IT is very difficult to stage a successful all-star production. Not so long ago we had the lamentable example of *Le Rendez-vous manqué,* and now the failure of *Patron* is the latest proof of this fact. This collaboration of Marcel Aymé, the distinguished novelist and playwright, Guy Béart, the popular song writer, Bernard Buffet and Roland Petit, has, despite these internationally famous names, proved extremely disappointing. Everyone who was anyone in Paris was at the première and, over-expectant by such a surfeit of talent, the critics revenged themselves cruelly.

Without being quite so severe as they, it cannot be denied that the plot is slender, the dialogue weak apart from one scene, and the songs crude and less than mediocre.

The plot, which is very French, concerns a Government-recruited gang which brings in revenue otherwise unobtainable from the notoriously tax-evasive citizens of the Republic. Complications are solved by a romance between a Finance Ministry official and Jeanmaire in the rôle of a female Raffles.

PATRON : *Above and below is Zizi Jeanmaire in the musical show in which she recently appeared in Paris. Above, in the setting designed by Bernard Buffet. Below, in the prison scene. Photos : Lido.*

Robert Dhéry and Marguerite Monnot, for instance, would have been a thousand times more suited to creating this kind of work. Roland Petit shows hardly any originality in either the colourless production or in the occasional dances. Only the end of the first part stands out, thanks to good décor by Bernard Buffet, who has never shown himself to better advantage.

Nevertheless Jeanmaire really triumphs. She is in full possession of her gifts and the boards burn under her feet as she carries this creaky machine along at her fingertips. But where is the flawless success of *La Croqueuse de Diamants*? May the sharp lesson of this failure yield as brilliant a return.

LUISILLO

ON October 5, Luisillo returned to the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées at the head of his Spanish Dance Theatre. His previous seasons have familiarised the Parisian audience with his style, which is

intelligent rather than earthy, dramatic rather than spontaneous, and which he has developed and deepened in the course of the years.

The most significant examples of this trend are certainly *El Ciego (The Blind Man)* and *Luna Sangrienta (Blood on the Moon),* which have both been seen before. But the minute attention to production detail seems to have become richer. Luisillo, who is a clear and rigorous observer, has composed *Sinfonia Sevillana* and *Romance Cordobes* with a refined sense of abstract pattern. While the result may be somewhat cold, it is undoubtedly original and unexpected. *Trigales de Trebujena, Pandeirada de Santiago* and, above all, *Gigantes y Cabezudos,* vividly evoke the colour and gaiety of festivals in Galicia or Saragossa.

Finally, together with his company, Luisillo displays his nervous virtuosity in *Botillera de los Faroles.* Among his magnificently disciplined performers special mention should be made of Maria Vivo, Victoria Salcedo and Josefa Ibarz. Décors and costumes by Clavé and Capuletti contribute to the spectacular harmony created by the mastery of Luisillo, who remains one of the most original figures in the contemporary scene of Spanish dance.

NEWS IN BRIEF

BALLET has made an unremarkable return at the Paris Opéra. Once more one cannot but regret that rôles irremovably linked to one dancer cannot be played in his or her absence — thus understandably diminishing the repertoire. The principle of alternative performers would overcome this problem and also renew interest. Yvette Chauviré, who has been absent for some time, is to reappear in *Giselle,* which escapes these reservations. Harald Lander is rehearsing *Qarrtsiluni,* a work set in Greenland, which he originally staged for the Royal Danish Ballet in Copenhagen in 1942.

AT the Opéra Comique where Claude Bessy and Atillo Labis are to reappear in *La Chanson du mal aimé,* Peter Van Dijk is choreographing the ballet for Gluck's *Orphée.*

M. JULIEN, the Administrator of the National Lyric Theatres, has just nominated Serge Lifar as choreographic adviser to the Théâtre des Nations. Lifar has just finished filming at Baux de Provence with Picasso and Dominguin in Cocteau's film, *Le Testament d'Orphée.* He is also now rehearsing *The Moor of Venice* to music by Maurice Thiriet, which will be danced by the Netherlands Ballet.

BEFORE going on tour, Roland Petit's *Cyrano de Bergerac* returned to the Théâtre de l'Alhambra on October 9. Petit took the title rôle, but Tessa Beaumont replaced Zizi Jeanmaire as Roxane, and Vassili Sulich replaced George Reich as Christian. A slight foot injury prevented Josette Clavier from dancing the rôle of Lise Raguenau at the first performances.

LOUIS CUNY is making a film entitled *Cine-Ballets,* starring Tessa Beaumont and Gérard Ohn.

AFTER a three-year absence the Hungarian National Ballet returned to Paris on November 5 at the Théâtre de l'Alhambra.

Marie-Françoise Christout.

AMERICA

BAYANIHAN

THE Philippine Dance Company, Bayanihan, presented in New York by Sol Hurok, has had such a warm reception at the Winter Garden Theatre that its engagement was prolonged an additional week before these delightful dancers took off on their trans-Continental tour. Though this troupe has only been in existence for two years, it is completely professional and for this they are in debt to Lucrecia Reyes Urtula, their dance director and choreographer. The word "Bayanihan" in translation means "A working together" and that's exactly what these gifted and charming dancers, instrumentalists and musicians do.

Three dominant cultural strains are evident in these dances — primitive tribal, Arabic-Malayan-Muslim and Spanish European. These strains are reflected in the programme which is divided into five sections. Part I, Dances of the Mountain Region, featured some of the dances of the pagan folk on northern Luzon and this group, by all odds was the highlight of the whole evening. Especially noteworthy were the all-male "Bangibang Funeral Dance" and the Benguet Bendean Victory dance. The former was danced to the accompaniment of wooden clappers, the latter, and other numbers in this group, used such musical instruments as the nose flute, bamboo guitar, gongs, sticks and drums.

Part II, Fiesta Filipina, showed how the coming of the Spaniards in the sixteenth century brought a new influence to Philippine life and demonstrated how the music, dance and costume of the waltz, polka, jota, fandango and mazurka were Filipinized. Part III, Muslim Suite, illustrated the influence of Arabian and Indo-Malayan cultures on the 700,000 Filipinos who live on the large island of Mindanao and the adjacent Sulu Achipelago. Part IV, Regional Variations, showed the Malayan, Indian, Chinese, Spanish and American influences, and Part V, Rural Philippines Suite, illustrated Filipino village life. The colours and cut of the authentic costumes and the simple lighting of the handsome settings contributed importantly to make this a brilliant and beautiful dance evening.

"CARMINA BURANA"

ONE of the highlights of the New York City Opera's autumn season was Carl

BAYANIHAN: Two scenes from the Philippine Dance Company recently in New York. Left, Tinikling, *in which the dancers imitate the movement of birds. Right,* Dugso, *a ritual dance from the Bukidnon province.*

Orff's *Carmina Burana,* conducted by Leopold Stokowski and directed and choreographed by John Butler. Butler, whose work is already well-known to European festival audiences from his company's last two summer's appearances at Spoleto, has already had a noteworthy career in America as a television choreographer and, in addition, was one of four invited to create a new work for the Met.'s "all-ballet" programme last spring. Previously, he had been a soloist in such Broadway musicals as *On The Town* and *Oklahoma!* and was a featured dancer in Martha Graham's Company for a short time. Prior to this, he studied with Eugene Loring, Hanya Holm, Muriel Stuart and Martha Graham.

Carmina Burana is based on medieval Latin lyrics (mostly untranslatable because they are so bawdy). Actually, this is really a scenic oratorio and, as presented in this newly-staged version, director-choreographer Butler uses four dance soloists and three solo singers as his protagonists against a background of a singing chorus and a dance *ensemble.* Since composer Carl Orff's music is very much of the twentieth century, completely diatonic but with triadic harmony, the use of contemporary movement as the dance form seems completely valid. All of the movement for the four dance principals seems to be composed in honour of eroticism and are indeed so sensual that it makes a ballet like Roland Petit's *Carmen* seem more like *Jeux d'Enfants* by comparison.

DANCED SONG : Two members of the Philippine Dance Company in Sa Kabukiran.

Most outstanding of the four dance soloists was Scott Douglas, previously chiefly notable for his classical ballet style. However, in this work he proves that he is a superlative dancer in any style. Noteworthy, too, were the lovely Carmen de Lavallade, Veronika Mlakar and Glen Tetley, who always moves superbly. The large dance *ensemble* also performs admirably, although the choreography devised for them was by no means as inventive. As a matter of fact, one wishes that the singing chorus might have been used more importantly and as a contrast to the dancers. On the whole, however, this is one of the most provocative achievements of the New York City Opera and it is certainly John Butler's most mature work to date.

N.Y. CITY BALLET

As we go to press, the New York City Ballet, whose mid-winter season started on December 8, promises a notable collection of guest stars, new works and possible noteworthy revivals. The tremendously successful *Episodes,* co-choreographed by Martha Graham and George Balanchine, is returning to the repertory with Martha Graham as guest star. Erik Bruhn, of the Royal Danish Ballet, also joins the company as guest star. Royes Fernandez, who has been with the New York City Ballet during their Washington D.C. and Philadelphia appearances, is slated to make his long

MORE PHILIPPINE DANCES : Left, Singkil, *taking its name from the heavy metal anklets, is learned by every woman of royal blood. Right,* Pandanggo sa Ilaw, *which is a very difficult folk dance requiring that the dancers balance three lighted tumblers.*

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CARMINA BURANA: *Two pictures of John Butler's recent work for New York City Opera. Left are Scott Douglas, Veronika Mlakar, Glen Tetley and Carmen de Lavallade with the singers in the background in Charles Rossi's picture. Right are Glen Tetley and Carmen de Lavallade in a* pas de deux *in Jack Mitchell's picture.*

awaited début with the company in New York and it is now likely that Maria Tallchief, prima ballerina, will again head this group.

Definitely planned is a Latin-American evening with music by Pan-American composers to be choreographed by George Balanchine, as well as Francisco Moncion, Lew Christensen, Gloria Contreras and, possibly Jacques d'Amboise. There is also a probability that this company will produce two of Balanchine's distinguished earlier works mounted first for other companies — *Theme and Variations* and *Night Shadow*.

Edward Villella and Jonathan Watts, whose names have become increasingly familiar to readers of *Dance and Dancers*, have been elevated from soloists to principal rank. In addition, Sallie Wilson, William Weslow and Roland Vasquez have been advanced from *corps de ballet* to soloist level.

KAPP RECORDS has inaugurated an important project of recording major works from the repertory of the New York City Ballet. Thus far, three albums, all conducted under the distinguished leadership of Robert Irving directing the New York City Ballet Orchestra, include the complete ballet of *The Nutcracker* (LP 5007); Hershy Kay's *Stars and Stripes* and *Western Symphony* (LP 9036) and Stravinsky's *Firebird* and *Agon*.

OPERA BALLET AT THE MET.

SCOTT DOUGLAS has been named premier danseur to partner Violette Verdy, guest prima ballerina, in Alexandra Danilova's new choreography for *The Gypsy Baron*, which has its first performance on November 25.

The *corps de ballet* for this season features ten dancers — Suzanne Ames, Audrey Keane, Catherine Horn, Nancy King, Edith Jerell, Lolita San Miguel, Louellen Sibley, Thomas Andrew, Bruce Marks and Donald Martin as well as the following twenty-four dancers: Nancy Benson, Ingrid Blecker, Marjorie Brande, Judith Chazin, Diana Coon, Hlenka Devon, Joyce Edwards, Nina Feinberg, Patricia Heyes, Ilona Hirschl, Carole Kroon, Janet Mitchell, Rosa Sternov, William Burdick, Thomas Cahill, Craig Crosson, Hubert Farrington, Edilio Ferraro, José Gutierrez, Harry Jones, David Milnes, Ron Murray, Frank Piper and Alek Zybine.

Antony Tudor is Director of the Metropolitan Ballet School and Margaret Craske is Assistant Director. Staff teachers include Alfredo Corvino, Karen Kanner and Yurek Lazowski.

YM-YWHA DANCE CENTER

SEVEN of the ten events for the 1959-1960 Subscription Series at the Dance Center of the Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Association have thus far been announced. These include: Geoffrey Holder-Carmen de Lavallade and their Company; the Aviv Group; Paul Draper; Alvin Ailey and Company; the Sophie Maslow Dance Company; Leon Destine and Company and Bhaskar and Company.

BALLET THEATRE WORKSHOP

LUCIA CHASE, founder and co-director of American Ballet Theatre, has announced that the company's plans for a Workshop programme have been advanced from November 30 to a projected plan for a date in February, at which time the company will already be in rehearsal for its Twentieth Anniversary Season at the Met. Miss Chase is most eager for Norman Morrice, whose *Two Brothers* scored such a marked success during Ballet Rambert's first trip to America, to mount a new work for this programme if his commitments permit. Under consideration, too, is a new work by Yuriko, of Martha Graham's Company, that has already been underwritten by a grant from the Lena Robbins Foundation. Other likely contributors to this Workshop evening include Joe Layton, who has just staged the musical numbers for *The Sound of Music*, the new Mary Martin musical by Rodgers and Hammerstein, and Carol Haney, who was responsible for the dances in *Flower Drum Song*.

AGNES DE MILLE

AGNES DE MILLE, the noted American choreographer, aired her extremely provocative opinions of the Bolshoi Ballet in a recent lecture at Minnesota University. Terming this company "shocking to see", she added that "the bulk of the American public cheered — because it hasn't gone to the ballet in years and doesn't know what it's seeing." She added that this group was "presenting ancient works in mutilated form. It's not just the costumes and sets — it's also in the dancing." On the other hand, she claimed, "Moiseyev is a real choreographer and when he saw Jerome Robbins' choreography for *West Side Story* he went home raving about it. That's why the Russians won't accept any Robbins ballets in exchange. They know those ballets would be just too darn good. They said they'd be too 'provocative'."

In another talk before the Women's Club in Minneapolis, Agnes de Mille added, "Even though it's 80 years behind the times, the Bolshoi Ballet, touring the United States, was worth 80 battleships to the Russians." She argued that, "We have fine groups such as Martha Graham's that are inactive because of lack of funds." She also added that "the State Department asked me to get a folk dance group together. I said 'fine', but not until eight months after I get the money from the government in certified cheques. That suggestion shocked the officials."

Arthur Todd.

ANTIGONE—Decor

continued from page 12

impact—then whisked away. In the Noguchi designs for the Balanchine/Stravinsky *Orpheus* there were many strange and fascinating shapes, but their appearance was of the briefest and the effect therefore became a *coup de théâtre.*

The distractions in *Antigone* were framed by simple earthen flats on the prompt side and by a large expanse of flat wall, textured in two shades of brown, on the O.P. side, and this latter amounted to the most exciting piece of designing in the whole ballet. At moments it showed up the sinister shadows of dancers, at other moments coloured lights were splashed on it and the entire atmosphere changed. If only the whole setting had been conceived with such effective simplicity how much better it would all have been. A deep blue sky, relieved by realistic though static white clouds, forms the background. This realistic treatment causes a confusion of styles because the rest is more abstract than anything else.

But this confusion of styles is as nothing compared with what has happened to the costumes, and here again the firm hand of an artistic director might have partially saved the day. It would appear that Tamayo's basic plan for the colours of the costumes was excellent, but it seems that he had not realised that some of these colours when placed in juxtaposition to each other might lead to unfortunate results. His knowledge of line, silhouette and the mechanics of a costume in movement is, it's sad to admit, typical of almost any painter working in the theatre without expert direction and advice.

What a muddle this all is ! We see *corps de ballet* ladies some in yellow and others in pink who have an almost 18th century pastoral silhouette. Then there is another group of ladies in mauve nineteen 'thirties cocktail dresses with a great gush of mauve chiffon issuing in a floating panel from their left breasts. Some of these, and the hair-do's in particular, would appear to have been greatly influenced by the painter's native country — Mexico. For the two principal ladies — Jocasta and Antigone — there are certain concessions made to the general hazy conception of ancient Greek costume. Jocasta in flowing grey pleated draperies and a diamond tiara looks like a hostess determined to be different and not outdone by her guests and most certainly not by her daughter Antigone, who was foisted off with a brief little number in drab bargain basement crimson. It seemed an extraordinary slip-up that the ballet's principal character should have been given a costume that both in colour and shape was so completely insignificant. The skirt length — hip-length on the left side and mid-thigh length on the right — was unflattering to one of Beriosova's height ; the dress didn't move well and looked badly made.

The boys came off slightly better because at least their costumes were basic without muddled lines — just mauve/grey or pink tights, according to which side they are on, and bared torsos. This same idea was carried out through all the younger characters, and the two principals could be distinguished by their tights — black and white for Polynices, deep blue for Etiocles and grey for Haemon. The older males were given a full body covering — mauve for Oedipus and green for Creon — and they also had some asymmetric drapery to cope with. There were two other little groups of four. The purpose of one lot escaped me but they appeared in full-skirted tunics, tights and Phrygian caps ; during the battle scenes they put on black masks and appeared as negroes. The other group, an effectively helmeted and visored "Death" chorus of four, whose purpose was to remove bodies, frequently invaded the stage trailing voluminous black cloaks.

This whole unfortunate mêlée could have been given some kind of theatricality had the lighting been anything more vital than the old Covent Garden porridge. This is possibly the greatest puzzle of all because it was in the hands of William Bundy, who not so long ago lit MacMillan's *Danses Concertantes* with more sensitivity and visual clarity than has been the case with any Royal Ballet creation since the war. We are told there is a lot of new equipment on the stage, but on this occasion it did not appear to be put to any use at all. On the other hand the colours in both the setting and costumes were about the most light-absorbing ever gathered together in one scene, so perhaps the fact that a great deal of the action emerged but vaguely from the surrounding gloom cannot have entirely been the fault of the new equipment.

This whole sorry designing affair has been a bitter blow to the crusade for bringing the world's finest painters back to ballet. Gloomily it only emphasises, with ever more heavy underscoring, that what ballet still lacks is a real artistic director.

Peter Williams.

PERFORMANCE DETAILS

Running Time

48 minutes.

Audience Reaction

17 calls on the first night, including two with the lights up. General cheering, and a warm and enthusiastic reception.

Press Reaction

6 stars — rave ; 5 stars — enthusiastic ; 4 stars — favourable ; 3 stars — lukewarm ; 2 stars — unfavourable ; 1 star — pan.

Daily Express ****; *Daily Mail* ******; *Daily Telegraph* **; *Evening News* ****; *Evening Standard* *; *Financial Times* **; *The Guardian* **; *News Chronicle* ******; *Observer* **; *The Star* ******; *Sunday Times* **; *The Times* ******.

COVER STORIES

Ten years ago, Dance and Dancers **started off with a cover of artists in Ashton's** Cinderella. **Now ten years later we round off a decade by another picture of the same ballet which the Royal Ballet are reviving over the Christmas season. In Dominic's photograph on the front cover are Margot Fonteyn, in the title rôle, with Alexander Grant as the Jester.**

MARGOT FONTEYN was born in Reigate in 1919. As a child she studied with Bususlov, Goncharov and Astafieva. In 1934 she joined the Sadler's Wells School and made her stage début in the same year. A year later she became a ballerina of the Sadler's Wells Ballet and the years have seen her growing eminence until she has become one of the great ballerinas of the world. She has danced all the famous classical rôles and has had many ballets created for her, notably by Frederick Ashton. In 1956 she was made a Dame of the British Empire, thus being the first British ballerina to be so honoured. In 1959 she left the Royal Ballet so as to become its guest *prima ballerina assoluta.*

ALEXANDER GRANT was born in Wellington, New Zealand, in 1925. He won an R.A.D. scholarship and came to England to join the Royal Ballet School in 1944. Two years later he became a soloist in the company. It was Leonide Massine who really gave Grant his best chances at an early age, for he created principal rôles in his three works for Covent Garden — *Clock Symphony, Mam'zelle Angot* and *Donald of the Burthens.* Since then Grant has risen to become a principal dancer in the company and one of the outstanding character dancers of our time.

Ballet Dates

THE ROYAL BALLET
at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

November
21 **(M)** *Coppélia* (Nerina, Blair)
21 **(M)** *Coppélia* (Nerina, Blair), *Façade*
21 **(E)** *Pineapple Poll, Symphonic Variations, Daphnis and Chloë*
24 *Pineapple Poll, Symphonic Variations, Daphnis and Chloë*
27 *Pineapple Poll, Symphonic Variations, Daphnis and Chloë*
28 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Beriosova, MacLeary)
30 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes)

December
1 *Les Patineurs, Rinaldo and Armida, The Firebird*
3 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes)
5 *Sylvia* (Beriosova, MacLeary)
9 *Antigone, Symphonic Variations, Daphnis and Chloë*
12 **(M)** *Coppélia* (Sibley, Usher), *Façade*
12 **(E)** *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes)
15 *Les Patineurs, Rinaldo and Armida, The Firebird*
18 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes)
19 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Nerina, Blair)
21 *Les Patineurs, Rinaldo and Armida, The Firebird*
23 *Cinderella* (Fonteyn, Somes)
26 **(M)** *Cinderella* (Beriosova, MacLeary)
26 **(E)** *Cinderella* (Nerina, Blair)
28 *Cinderella* (Nerina, Blair)
30 *Cinderella* (Beriosova, MacLeary)
31 *Cinderella* (Linden, Doyle)

January
2 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Linden, Blair)
5 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes)
6 *The Prince of the Pagodas* (Beriosova, Blair)
9 **(M)** *Cinderella* (Linden, Doyle)
9 **(E)** *Cinderella* (Nerina, Blair)
12 *Cinderella* (Fonteyn, Somes)
14 *The Prince of the Pagodas* (Beriosova, Blair)
16 *Cinderella* (Nerina, Blair)

THE ROYAL BALLET (TOURING CO.)

November
21 The New Theatre, Oxford
30 The Hippodrome, Bristol

December
7 The Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon
28 The Granada Theatre, Woolwich

January
4 The Essoldo Theatre, Brighton
11 The de Montfort Hall, Leicester
18 The Gaumont Theatre, Southampton
31 The company leaves for a 16-week tour of South Africa

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November
23 Lyceum Theatre, Newport
30 The Alhambra Theatre, Bradford.

January
5 The Rex Theatre, Wilmslow
25 The Repertory Theatre, Perth

February
1 Arts Council Scottish tour of one week

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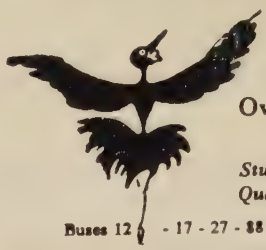

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